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THE AMERICAN STANDARD.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Washington bequeathed the flag of the Republic to us .n trust for our children's children to the latest posterity * * * 'Never forget,' exclaimed the Father of his Country, 'the memorable words of Warren : let them go with the flag.'"
DUNLAP.

Our nation's banner streams upon the wind,
The harbinger of hope to all mankind!
The welkin's hues were blended in its dies,
And all its stars were kindled in the skies.
It waves in triumph over land and sea:
Our Father's boon—the symbol of the free!—
Vain is the strife that would its glory dim
While it reminds his countrymen of HIM.

He who was first in war and first in peace,
First in our hearts will be till time shall cease,
With the death-dews of his devoted band,
Baptised the banner of his ransom'd land!
Preserve it, freemen, to your latest breath,
And keep the watchword "liberty or death:"
Our FATHER spake: "In trust that flag is
given:"
Its stars are the forget-me-nots of heaven!

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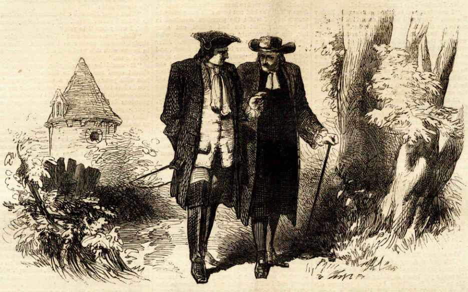
* Bunker Hill.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



ADOLPHE MENDON AND FATHER EUSTACE.

THE WHITE TERROR.

ELIZA A. DUPUY

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST DEEDS," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Corona, the plantation of Madame Crozat, was situated on the Mississippi river, ten miles from Castle Dismal. It was in a state of high cultivation, and the trim neatness of the lawn, hedges and parterre, was in strong contrast with the neglected grounds around the latter place.

The chief building was a large cottage with a high peaked roof, and heavy projecting galleries. Two smaller houses occupied opposite sides of the yard, for the usual custom of French creoles to erect separate cottages, as the necessity for more room arose, had been followed, in place of joining them as wings to the original building. When Mr. Mendon brought his sons to reside at Corona, and employed a tutor for them, the smaller houses were erected for their accommodation. A hedge of orange trees surrounded the yard, and clusters of two and three together were scattered over the lawn, where the shade of the larger trees did not fall so heavily as to intercept the warm sun rays so necessary to the development of their fruit. A grape trellis extended along the side next to the large and well kept vegetable garden which was thus screened from observation; for the mistress of Corona was noted as an excellent manager, and a successful planter. The wide carriage sweep was bordered with Otaheite roses, and cape jessamine, so mingled that when in bloom, the scarlet flowers of the one and the opaque white of the other, formed an agreeable contrast.

Vases filled with flowering plants stood on each side of the entrance, and the house with its surroundings had an appearance of opulence, blended with neatness and good taste, that was extremely pleasing. It was evening, and two dark-haired boys were in front of their cottage playing ball, while a stern-looking, middle-aged man sat on the small portico with a book upon his lap, wearing the garb of a priest, and with cold, ascetic face. This was Father Eustace, the tutor lately employed, and the lads were the sons of Mr. Mendon. Their mother was a wealthy heiress from St. Domingo, who had now been four years dead; her estate was settled irrevocably upon her children, and their father was not even permitted to have a voice in its management.

A small patrimonial estate had been inherited by Mr. Mendon, but bad management, and wild speculations, had dissipated it long since; and Mr. Mendon was ready for any scheme that promised to reinstate his fortunes, before his sons attained such an age as must render his dependence upon them a feeling of pain and inferiority which his temper did not fit him to bear with patience.

Mr. Mendon was promenading to and fro upon the long gallery in front of the central building, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his brows knit as if in deep thought. His face was turned toward the boys, when a shout of mirth came to his ears, and he saw the tall, lithe figure of his eldest son in active pursuit of his ball, which had bounded over the grape trellis into the garden beyond. He bit his lip, and muttered:

"How fast that lad grows! It seems to me but yesterday that he was in his cradle, and now he makes me feel almost old when I look at him. Heigho! what would Adrienne say if she could see the step-son I would give her. He looks to be nearly as old as she seems."

He unconsciously raised his voice, and a lady, who, unperceived, had stepped out of the French window nearest to him, replied:

"What does that signify? You are still young enough, and handsome enough, Adolphe, to win the fairest and best dowered girl in this broad State."

The speaker was at least sixty years of age; erect, tall and stately as one of the grenadiers of Frederick the Great, with a spare figure and an alertness of motion not often found in women far more youthful than herself. Full of energy and industry, if her sex had been different, Madame Crozat would probably have been known as a great military chieftain. With the assistance of an overseer, she managed her own plantation, and the experiments made by her in the culture of the new staple destined to become of such paramount importance in the history of commerce, had tended to show its value to the more timid planters, who feared to permit cotton to take the place of indigo, the culture of which had hitherto been thought of such importance to the colony.

The expression of mingled energy and acuteness that characterized Madame Crozat's features was very striking. The dark, deep set eyes detected every abuse as quickly as those of the most expert policeman, and the firm, clearly cut mouth showed that promptness in action was habitual to her. She used her own judgment, and had no misgivings as to her perfect right to do whatever that pronounced best.

The dress of this lady was as unique as her character was decided. For reasons that appeared valid to herself, she utterly repudiated the style of costume worn at that day. She considered it ungraceful, for it scarcely draped the figure at all; the short waist was oppressive to her chest, and the uncovered arms and neck unsuited to her time of life. In its place, she adopted a loose flowing robe of dark material, with sleeves sufficiently large for convenience, fastened closely at the wrists. Her gray hair was combed back from the broad brow, tied on the top of the head, and the ends divided into two long roleaux, which were brought forward and carried beneath her ears, to be held back by a black silk net.

A neck-tie like a man's cravat completed her personal adornment, so far as embellishment went. A pair of substantial leather boots, which were fitted accurately to her well-shaped feet, finished her toilette.

Madame Crozat had married twice, and each husband had left her the legacy of a step-child, though she had none of her own. At the time she bestowed her hand on the elder Mendon, his youngest son was a child of seven years—Adolphe was an attractive and engaging lad, and the step-dame soon became warmly attached to him. This attachment had continued unabated throughout her widowhood, although she was then separated from him by his residence under the roof of his brother. Madame Crozat had great respect for money, and the strongest desire of her heart was to see her favorite endowed with the fortune left by his wealthy sister-in-law. She insisted that he possessed the best right to it, for his deceased brother had nearly doubled the value of the estate by his judicious management.

Eugene Mendon died suddenly, and his wife, to whom the property originally belonged, retained undisturbed possession. No claim was set up by the relatives of her deceased husband; but when Madame Mendon married again, and perished soon after under very mysterious circumstances, an attempt was made to wrest from Mr. Lecour at least a moiety of the estate. He brought forward a deed of settlement, purporting to have been made by his late wife, by which the whole of her large fortune was irrevocably secured to himself.

The decision of the courts was in favor of Mr. Lecour, and until recent events suggested a new pathway to the fulfillment of their wishes, both mother and son had resigned all hope of acquiring the lost inheritance.

Madame Crozat was first attracted toward Adrienne by her beauty and loveliness. They were two days coming from New Orleans together, and the graceful attentions of the young stranger won sensibly upon her regard. When she learned whither she was going, and the relationship in which she stood toward the *bête noir* of their family, she lost no time in communicating with her step-son.

Mr. Mendon had also remarked the beauty of the fair traveller, and had marvelled in his own mind how a creature so young, and evidently so well brought up, should venture to violate the conventional proprieties which hedge in a young girl in France, so far as to pursue her present independent course. He had already been attracted by the remarkable resemblance she bore to his sister-in-law, and the discovery of her connexion with Mr. Lecour awakened in him the liveliest curiosity to learn her antecedents, and if possible, to discover her object in making this long journey to reside with a man who, in his own neighborhood, was considered as verging toward madness, if not actually insane.

The confidence of an inexperienced girl of nineteen was not difficult to win, and the friendless traveller soon confided to Madame Crozat the fact that she had evaded the authority of the guardians to whom she had been entrusted, and was in fact a runaway novice, hoping to find freedom and happiness beneath the roof of her unknown relative.

The decision of the old lady was at once expressed, that on no account was she to be permitted to take up her residence beneath the banned roof of Mr. Lecour. She insisted that her own house should become the temporary home of Mademoiselle Durand, till some more satisfactory arrangement could be made for her. But as we have seen, Adrienne persisted in the plan she had originally marked out for herself, and despotic as the old lady was, she was compelled to yield to the firm purpose of the young girl.

At the sound of her voice, Mr. Mendon turned quickly, and he said, with a slight expression of bitterness, "Ah, *Madame Mère*, your decision is too partial. The only girl I care just now to win has made me feel that I am no longer young—that she prefers another to me."

"Ah! this young runaway has a lover, then. Give me all the particulars of yesterday's interview, Adolphe; I have been so engaged righting things since I came home, that I have had no time to listen to you."

"No wonder, *Madame Mère*," he replied, with a half laugh, "for François declares that you have inspected the whole plantation in the last twenty-four hours, detected every abuse, and righted every wrong. I am sure I sometimes envy you your talent for business."

"It was the way my father trained me," she quietly responded. "If I had remained in New Orleans two weeks longer, the whole place would have been to remodel. Such waste! such disorder! I declare it was shameful. But let that pass, and tell me about this young girl. Is there a possibility that we shall yet win her consent to come to us?"

"None, that I can see, and if she is in love with some other man, it is of no advantage to us to bring her hither."

"That is all nonsense; it is but the childish preference of an inexperienced young girl for the first man that spoke of love to her. I thought you understood women better than to believe in such puerile prepossessions. You can soon put this boy lover out of her head, if you choose to turn it with the flattery you so well know how to administer."

Mendon shrugged his shoulders, though a faint smile crept to his lips.

"You really have a higher opinion of my powers in that line, Madame, than I think they deserve. I am afraid Mademoiselle Adrienne's indifference to me is insurmountable. Besides, unless we are *sure* of our game, it will be a waste of time to induce her to change her mind. I like this young girl better than any one I have seen since my poor Sylvie's death; nay, I believe I could passionately love her, but I cannot marry her unless I am well assured that she must eventually heir the property now held by Mr. Lecour. You well know, Madame, that I must obtain fortune with the woman on whom I bestow my hand."

Madame Crozat sagaciously nodded.

"Very well, that is as clear to me as to you, but on either of the chances already discussed, this girl is the best match in the colony. If she is really the grandchild of the old Frenchman, he will naturally leave the estate to her at his death, and that, you know, cannot be very distant, for he is old, and a victim to the strange drug he habitually uses."

"It is by no means certain that he would so nobly endow her, for it was with great reluctance he received her this morning. I thought once we should conquer, and she would accompany me hither, but suddenly the old savage changed his tone, and the poor deluded child eagerly grasped at any chance to remain in that house which he has cursed with his crimes."

"Poor girl, I wish, for her own sake as well as yours, that she had consented to come with us. You may depend on it, Adolphe, Mr. Lecour remarked that wonderful resemblance to his deceased wife which first attracted us toward this young stranger. That old story cannot be entirely unknown to him, and he could draw his own inferences as easily as we could."

"We know nothing with certainty, Madame. There were only vague rumors which were never confirmed, and if Louise had been the mother of a living child, she would never have settled her fortune on this terrible old man in such a manner as to leave it entirely at his own disposal. The resemblance is startling, but I am constrained to believe it accidental, and *only* as Mr. Lecour's grand-daughter can this young lady claim the noble inheritance I once hoped to call my own."

"And which shall yet be yours, if justice is done to all parties concerned," emphatically responded his step-mother. "That the deed was a forgery, I am as well convinced now as I was when it was first brought forward. The tribunal was bribed which gave the decision in Lecour's favor, but we will let that pass for the present. I attach more importance to the claims of this girl than you seem inclined to do, for I am aware of circumstances which singularly prove her true position to be that of heiress to the estate."

"Indeed! I thought your information on that head was principally derived from myself."

"You have forgotten Leonie, the quadroon who accompanied Mademoiselle Montreuil to France, and remained there after her return to Louisiana. By a singular chance, this woman became the sick nurse of M. Crozat's first wife, was with her when she died, and had the exclusive charge of my step-daughter, Pauline, till I married him."

"And where is she now to be found? She can give information that may be invaluable to us."

"She is here, but not in a condition just now to throw much light on this subject. She has always refused to be separated from her nurseling, and although she was not of much use to me, I gave her a cabin, and permitted her to remain as a sort of hanger-on. During my absence she was attacked by a low fever, and she is now quite delirious. I came from her just now, and in her mutterings the name of Louise Montreuil occurred, coupled with another that I have heard before. Depend on it, the whole story is in the keeping of this woman, if we can only get her to reveal it."

"I trust she is not in danger of dying, Madame. It will be too bad to have the clue to this mystery torn from our grasp exactly at the crisis when it is most important to retain it."

"She is very low; I have sent for the doctor to see what can be done for her, and you may be sure that I shall leave no means untried to restore her to such a state as will at least enable her to speak rationally, and with certainty of the past."

A sudden thought seemed to strike Mr. Mendon, and he asked, with some solicitude:

"If this young girl is the true heir, will she be safe in the power of so unscrupulous a man as we believe Mr. Lecour to be? *He* may have better means of ascertaining the truth than we possess, and it may be an imperative duty toward Mademoiselle Adrienne to remove her from Bellair at once, in spite of any opposition she might make."

Madame Crozat shook her head gravely.

"We need not proceed to extreme measures yet, for Mr. Lecour must send to France to gain confirmation of his suspicions, if any have been aroused, and it will be several months before he can get a reply. In the meantime, Leonie may recover, and we have ample time to claim the custody of the heiress."

"And in the meantime, how am I to use these flatteries to which you just now referred? Adrienne may as well be in her convent in France as in that gloomy old den, with such an ogre as her guard. He almost ordered me out of his presence, and gave me distinctly to understand that I was to make my appearance in his house no more."

"And she did not remonstrate, after all your kindness to her? Did she not seem grieved that she was not permitted to see the only friends she has in this strange country?"

"I dare say she regretted it, but she acquiesced, and accepted his protection on those terms."

"Well, after all, it was the only thing the poor girl could do, and I am quite at a loss to know what to propose. She will not come to us, and you cannot go to her——"

Mr. Mendon drew near to her, and almost whispered:

"A sudden revelation has come to me. Adrienne has effected her escape from the convent to which she was destined from infancy. No doubt Mr. Lecour has delegated to the Superior such authority as will enable her to claim the fugitive wherever she may be found within the jurisdiction of the Catholic Church. Can we not take Father Eustace into our counsels, arm him with spiritual power, and threaten to return her to her nunnery?"

"And the priest would be very likely to keep his word. That might be the surest means to foil our plans."

"No—we could step forward to protect her, and save her from Father Eustace, for old Lecour would give her up at once if he believed the bishop demanded her. Don't you see, Madame, that if she is deprived of her present home, and threatened with being sent back to France to be immured for life in her old prison, Adrienne would gladly avail herself of your offer to protect her? Then, what would be easier to convince her that only by giving me her hand can she save herself from this dreaded fate."

"But will Father Eustace lend himself to such a purpose? He seems a true ascetic, and I have not been able yet to find out what has brought him from France, to dwell in this new country. I am sure he has some ulterior object in view in coming hither."

"I have not speculated on that possibility, as I am not particularly interested in his private affairs. However, of one thing I am very sure—and that is, that while in my employment he will not refuse to do anything lawful that I may wish. If I wed the *heiress*, I will give him a handsome bonus: if she turns out to have none of the claims with which we have invested her, he can assert the authority of the church over her, and send her back to her convent. Thus we shall be altogether rid of her claims on the inheritance, and on old Lecour's death, I can again sue as the heir of my brother, and possibly obtain a judgment in my favor."

The shrewd sense of Madame Crozat repudiated this idea. She said:

"The decision has once been against you, and it would be so again, if you ventured on so expensive and useless a measure. No—this young stranger, whether the lawful heiress or not, shall win the estate, and she shall become your wife. I have made up my mind on those two points, and I am not often thwarted in my determinations."

Mendon laughed:

"I only hope you may be able to carry them out in the present instance; but I own I cannot see my way clearly."

Madame Crozat whispered:

"If Father Eustace is under your control, why can he not be induced to manage it. He goes regularly to Castle Dismal to shrive the old sinner who lives there. He will doubtless be with him at the last. Let him prepare such papers as are necessary to give the estate to Mademoiselle Durand. The old man will doubtless die in a fit of delirium, brought on by excessive use of stimulants, and in that condition he may be induced to sign anything that may be offered him."

"But after risking so much, suppose the girl defeats me at last by refusing to marry me."

"*That* is not very likely, but we can provide against the contingency by the hold we must gain over her fate. We can act on your own suggestion, and induce her to believe that she can only evade the vail by becoming your wife."

An expression of annoyance passed over Mr. Mendon's face, and he drily said:

"It is true, I suggested that piece of villainy, yet I should scarcely like to owe her consent to become mine to her deeper horror of a conventual life."

"Do not suffer sentiment to spoil a good plan, Adolphe. You can easily make her love you after you marry her. Sylvie was devoted to you, and the man who has made one wife happy can surely gain the affections of any woman to whom he may devote himself. Win over Father Eustace, and I will answer for the rest."

"Well, I can but follow your counsels, *Madame Mère*, for they have always proved wise ones; but I am afraid we are planning a great wrong against this confiding girl, who concealed from us no portion of her previous history. She regarded us as fast friends, and we are plotting against her as her worst enemies."

"On the contrary, we prove ourselves her best friends by providing a good husband, a home, and future wealth for her. She has an affectionate and grateful nature, and after a few weeks spent in that desolate old mansion, with that horrible old man, she will gladly come to me as a guest. The rest I can safely leave to yourself. Yes, my son, she will love you even before she finds it to her interest to do so."

The listener half smiled at this flattering prediction, and Madame Crozat continued:

"Father Eustace has risen, and is coming this way now. I leave you to sound him and see if he will enter into our plans."

She entered the house, and Mr. Mendon slowly sauntered into the yard and joined the priest, who, with bowed head, and corrugated brow, seemed deeply absorbed in thought. Father Eustace was the ideal of an ascetic minister of the church to which he belonged. Tall, gaunt, and pallid, his body seemed to have suffered from the fast he had imposed upon it, but his features had not acquired that placid calm which is the offspring of a spirit at peace with itself. His dark, restless eyes, tremulous lips, and frowning brow, revealed the striving, stormy soul which wrestled beneath the monk's frock. In secular life his choice would probably have been the battle's front, with the clarion of victory sounding in his ears: his own good sword the means of carving his way to fame and fortune.

Disappointment and deep affliction in early life had made him a priest, and as such he had but one ambition—one cherished dream, and that was the supremacy of the great hierarchy to which he belonged.

As the two approached each other, Father Eustace looked up, bowed, and would have passed on, but Mr. Mendon turned in the direction he was pursuing, and said:

"I will be the companion of your walk, Father, as I have something to communicate to you which is important to me."

"Then I must pause to listen, my son, though I was on my way to repair a piece of negligence which is unaccountable to myself. I had utterly forgotten that this is the day I should have gone to Bellair to hear the confession of its master. But once a month will he receive me, and if I fail to visit him this morning, another month must pass before I am admitted to his presence. In the state of Mr. Lecour's health, this carelessness might have a fatal result—he may die in his sins, and I should feel myself responsible for the safety of his soul."

The lip of the listener curled scornfully, and he said:

"Truly the age of miracles cannot be past, if you think *any* earthly ministration can save a soul so dyed in crime as that of this miserable old man. It is of him I wish to speak with you. We will go toward the stable, and give orders to have a horse saddled and brought after you. In the meantime we can walk on and dispatch our business without delay."

The priest acquiesced, and after the order was given, the two issued from the yard, and slowly sauntered along under the shade of an avenue of magnificent oaks. Mr. Mendon did not speak for so long a time that at length Father Eustace gently said:

"Well, my son, what have you to say of this unhappy old man?"

"Nothing new of him, but are you aware that Castle Dismal has received a new inmate within the last two days?"

An expression of incredulity came upon the face of the priest, and he said:

"It is surely impossible that Mr. Lecour shall have departed from his habits of seclusion so far as to receive a guest. Who has been hardy enough to ask or accept his hospitality?"

"A young lady—and, by my faith! a fair one, too."

Father Eustace suddenly stopped, turned upon him with the vivid glare of passion in his deep black eyes, and asked, with breathless interest:

"*Who* is she? Whence does she come? and what claim has she on this man?"

"Realy, Father, you manifest such interest in this errant damsel, as might render me jealous, if 'twere not for your cloth: for know that I am half in love with the young lady of whom we are speaking."

"Young lady! Who is she? I again ask, Monsieur. Do not trifle, for I am terribly in earnest."

"So I perceive, for you are trembling with excitement. Have you not yet heard that the grand-daughter of Mr. Lecour came from New Orleans on the same boat with Madame Crozat and myself? that she refused the pressing invitation we gave her to come hither, and preferred going to Bellair at once?"

The naturally pale complexion of the priest became livid at this announcement, but instantly recovering his usual stoical self-command, he said:

"This young stranger is doubtless an impostor, for the only descendant of Mr. Lecour is too well guarded in her convent home, to be permitted to make such an escapade as this. Some clever adventurer has heard of his great fortune, and undertakes to personate his heiress."

"I believe you are mistaken, Father, for Mademoiselle Durand did not conceal from my mother and myself that she is a fugitive from the convent in which she was educated with a view of taking the vail. The life of a recluse was odious to her, and ignorant of the brutality of her grandfather, she has imprudently thrown herself upon his protection."

"Which she will not long retain, for it is my duty to inform the Bishop of these facts, that this contumacious young person may be restored to the bosom of the community she has sinfully forsaken."

"Softly—softly, Father—it is of this I wish to speak to you. Mademoiselle Durand declares that she will die sooner than return to the captivity of her convent, and, in certain contingencies, it is my wish, and also that of Madame Crozat, that this young lady may be freed from the control of the church."

"And those contingencies?" interrogated the priest, with a cold gravity which contrasted strikingly with his late vehemence.

"If she is really the heir of Mr. Lecour's wealth, it is my purpose to end the struggle between us for this fine property, by making his grand-daughter my wife."

"I thought the struggle was already ended by the decision of the law," was the significant reply.

"Yes—for the term of Mr. Lecour's life; but at his death my efforts shall be renewed, unless this marriage can be accomplished."

Father Eustace had gained time to reflect, and with downcast eyes and suave manner, he said:

"So far as I consistently can, I am bound to consider your interests, and the wishes of your good mother, for I eat of your bread, drink of your cup, and train your children to walk in the paths of faith and truth. For the present I will do nothing against this girl, but if she proves *not* to be the descendant of Mr. Lecour, I shall take steps to expose the imposture, and have her punished as she deserves."

Mr. Mendon changed color; he replied:

"Even in *that* contingency it may become my duty to protect her, and bestow upon her my name."

"You speak in riddles, my son."

"Yet it is a riddle which time will solve, Father. When the right time comes, you shall hear a singular piece of family history—I do not exactly know all its details myself, but I shall before long, and then I will enlighten you."

"I can wait on your pleasure—in the meantime I must be lenient towards this young lady. Such is your will for the present?"

"Exactly—for the present. Should future events show that Adrienne Durand is not the legal heiress, you may claim her as a fugitive nun, and cause her to be taken back to her convent."

A faint sneer quivered on the lip of the listener, and he said:

"How devotedly you must love her, my son. Ah, well, I can rest satisfied with this assurance, for I know it gives me unlimited power over the future fate of this courageous stranger."

"I do not understand you, Father."

"It matters not—but an idea occurs to me: in aiding you to marry the heiress to Mr. Lecour's fortune, I deprive my church of her wealth—she has from her birth been destined to the cloister, and of course her fortune must fall to the house in which she takes the vail."

"I have thought of that, and it is my intention to devote one-third of the estate to the service of the church—that is far more than the old curmudgeon, her grandfather, will ever give her if he is *permitted to make a will.*"

The emphasis on the last words was so marked that the priest looked up, caught the eye fixed penetratingly upon him, and as if the thought which dictated them was read in that glance, he said, in a suppressed tone:

"Why should an old imbecile like him be considered capable of making one? Go on, my son; unvail your purpose more fully. If Mr. Lecour is prevented from executing a will, and this young lady turns out *not* to be his descendant, what then?"

"If she is not the veritable Mademoiselle Durand, then she is the——But no; I cannot reveal that now; it is too uncertain. Understand me, Father, I do not say that *no* will is to be forthcoming. On the contrary, when this old man dies, there must be one which will give his reputed grand-child possession of the estate, whether she holds that relation to him or not."

"Then it is your intention to marry her immediately?" drily questioned the priest.

"By no means. I must win her first, and my efforts to that end will depend on the prospect she has of inheriting this large estate. I offer you a magnificent bribe to aid me, for the accumulations alone of Mr. Lecour must be enormous."

"You reckon on my devotion to your interests to a great extent, my son."

Mr. Mendon's lip haughtily curled.

"I merely appeal to your *own* interests, Father Eustace. They will be best consulted by aiding me in the attainment of my purpose."

"And have you no scruples of conscience at wresting the bride of Heaven almost from the altar, and inducing her to utter the profane vows of devotion to an earthly lover?" And are you aware, my son, that you are proposing a forgery to *me*, an anointed son of the church?" asked Father Eustace, in his softest tone, but with a look of severity which alarmed Mr. Mendon for the success of his scheme.

At that crisis the servant, who had been commanded to follow them with the horse, overtook the two, and the inscrutable priest mounted the animal, bowed calmly, and rode away without further committing himself.

CHAPTER IX.

On the morning following that night of anguish, when Eady entered the apartment of her master, she found him suffering severely both in body and mind. His voice was feeble and his manner wild, as he started up and said:

"Who is that? What do you want?"

"Hi! it's only me, marster, an' I comes in every day, I's sure, widout you gittin' so flustered like."

Mr. Lecour's head sunk back, and with a shudder, he said:

"Oh Eady, the White Terror came to me again last night—she was in this room. She shrieked aloud, and aroused me from my sleep."

The negress listened incredulously.

"It's jes' a figmy of yer own brains. *I've* bin 'bout dis house at all hours o' de night, an' *I've* never yet hearn anything dat was uncountable to me. Sometimes I chooses to scare ole Pierre by makin' b'lieve dat I's seen a ghose, but I hasn't never seen one yit, an' I don' b'lieve dat I eber shall."

"But I tell you I saw her with my own eyes—I heard her piercing cry. I believe it would have aroused me from a death trance. Oh! it is a fearful—fearful visitation."

He covered his eyes, as if by so doing he could conceal from his mental vision the image that arose before it, but Eady regarded him with an expression of contemptuous pity as she occupied herself with setting the room in order. Mr. Lecour presently aroused himself, and asked:

"Is not this the day for the monthly visit of Father Eustace? I trust he will not fail to come, for after this fearful vision I need his presence."

"An' much good'll *he* do you," muttered Eady; "for my part, I hope he won't come, caze he allers puts you up to some new deviltry every time he does come. I think Satan's 'nuff to give you counsel widout *his* help."

A sudden recollection seemed to strike Mr. Lecour, and his sallow face flushed as he said:

"In spite of my command to the contrary, that girl came to my room last night. I am sure I had a distinct view of her person, standing just within the doorway when the phantom roused me from my sleep Ask her if she too did not see it, and when her account corroborates mine, perhaps you will attach credit to the actual appearance of this visitation."

At this assertion, Eady appeared to become alarmed: she dropped her dusting cloth and trembled all over, as she deprecatingly said:

"Oh marster don' make a dream de cause o' blame to a young gal what seems to have no harm in her. Mam'selle Adrienne were shet up in her own room, an' I's sure she neber were here no more'n de ghose was."

"I tell you they were *both* here, and I'll get the truth out of her about it. Go and command her to come hither at once."

Eady seemed to hesitate as to the propriety of obedience, and Mr. Lecour arose with a menacing air. She instantly hurried from the room and knocked for admittance on Adrienne's door. No answer came, and after a moment's pause, she turned the bolt and entered.

The young stranger was still in bed, and Eady drew aside the curtains and looked down upon her. Pale and still, she lay in a species of trance from which Eady found it difficult to arouse her for several moments. Alarmed as she was, the woman dared not cry out, and bring Mr. Lecour to her side, for she did not know what revelation might burst from those pale lips in the first moment of consciousness.

Eady raised the nerveless hands, and chafed them in her own, and the electric thrill thus imparted to the frame of Adrienne seemed gradually to spread through the stagnant blood, and arouse her to a perception of what was passing around her. She shivered, unclosed her eyes, and feebly said:

"Thank Heaven! it is day again! and *she* is not near me."

Eady's eyes grew larger, and a dusky circle gathered around her lips, as she listened—she faltered:

"Who is it, chile? Don't say as *you've* seen anything too, caze I don' want ter grow wile dis mornin'."

Adrienne's senses were now completely aroused, and she sat up in the bed and peered curiously around the room. She muttered:

"Everything is just as they were last night. Eady have you the key of that cabinet safe in your possession?"

"*Surely*, an' here it is," was the triumphant response, as she drew forth the key and held it up. "Nobody can git dis from me, I reckon, either by night or day."

"Yet that cabinet was certainly opened last night; the dresses and jewels you showed to me yesterday, were assumed by a tall pale woman who stood in front of that mirror, and put them all on in turn. I saw her confusedly, as one in a half-dreaming state, but she *was there*. When she put on the last dress, I am certain she went into my grandfather's room, and aroused him by a most unearthly cry."

Eady wrung her hands in anguish as she listened to this statement, and muttered:

"Oh Lor'! oh Lor'! what shall I do? what shall I do, now?"

Adrienne regarded her with astonishment, and suddenly asked:

"What is the matter? Why are you so much distressed?"

"I's boun' to be 'stressed, caze you'll 'firm de marster dat dis house is haunted by a woman in his bride's dress. Las' nite was de reg'lar time for her to come to him, an' he's bin goin' on in t'other room 'bout her screechin' at him, and scarin' out o' him de little sense he had lef'. Ef *you* tells de same tale, dere won't be no livin' in dis place no more for us."

"So much the better, for it is a dreary old house, and we would all be better in any other. I shall certainly tell Mr. Lecour what I have seen, if it will bring about so desirable a result."

At this announcement the negress appeared overwhelmed with distress. She earnestly said:

"We's *boun'* to stay here, young mistis. Dere's nothin' else left us, an' you don' know what you're doin' when you let on dat you seen de White Terror las' nite. Was you wide awake when she come, or was you dreamin'? Think now, an' don't mix up things."

Adrienne tried to recal the impressions of the preceding night, and vivid as they had been, her own convictions of their reality began to waver. She could not assert that she was thoroughly awake. She seemed to have lain in a half-slumber, from which she had not been able completely to arouse herself while the phantom remained in her room. That she had glided out after her, she was vaguely conscious, but not with the clear perception of a waking vision. After all, it might only have been a vivid dream, and deep as was the impression it had made upon her, she could not positively assert that the phantom shape had not been the offspring of her own perturbed mind. The anguish of the old woman affected her strangely, and with some hesitation she said:

"It may have been only a dream, Eady, though it seemed very like reality. I have less confidence in my own judgment, as I have been a victim to somnambulism for several years, and strange fancies have at times possessed me."

"Dat's it, honey. I don' no what dat long word means, but I s'pose it's somethin' what makes you think you's seen what you hasn't really seen."

"But if Mr. Lecour saw it too, there must be some reality in the appearance."

"Oh chile, *he* carnt be trusted; he's as mad as he can be, an' ef you 'grees dat you saw de White Terror las' nite, I won't answer for de consequins. You mustn't 'low dat you saw it, nohow."

The intense solicitude of the negress suggested a new idea to Adrienne, and she regarded her steadily, as she said:

"You have a secret which is important to you that you conceal from the old man in the opposite room. You may impose on him, because he is superstitious; but it is hopeless for you to succeed in any such attempt with me. Convince me of the necessity of this concealment, and I will promise not to betray to him what I now believe I actually saw last night."

These words seemed to reduce Eady to the extremity of terror. She bent forward with clasped hands, and hoarsely whispered:

"It is a life resk ef you speaks de whole trufe. A *life resk*, young mistis; caze *he'll* no more mind killin' us all, den he'd mind wringin' de necks off so many chickens ef dey was in his way. I darsn't tell you de horrid trufe 'bout dis ole house, but it's a cursed place for de evil deeds dat has happened in its walls. You'd better ha' died afore you put yer foot inter it, ef yer gwine to back de marster in his frenzies, for sich evil 'll come of it, dat you'll wish you had never bin born to bring it about. I 'plores you, young mistis, to 'fuse all mention o' de strange dream you had las' night, as you hopes for de blessin' o' God in dis life, an' happiness in de one to come."

As she concluded, Eady threw herself in an attitude of supplication before the excited girl, and alarmed by her words, as well as moved by her entreaties, Adrienne said:

"If such dire consequences are to ensue, I cannot persist in asserting the reality of the scene I beheld last night. I will not speak of what I saw to Mr. Lecour, yet if he questions me, how am I to evade him without uttering a falsehood?"

"Oh, you has only to do as *I* does. Treat de whole story as ef 'twas a strange notion o' his own, what has no foundation in reality. Ef you doesn't, wuss things den you think on 'll be sure to happen."

Deeply impressed by the manner of the old woman, Adrienne finally assented to this proposal, but it was with a deepening conviction of the reality of the scene she had witnessed on the previous night, and with the resolute determination to fathom the mystery of the White Terror which thus haunted her grandfather.

She dismissed Eady with such assurances as calmed her fears for the present, and then arose to make her toilette for the day. The long shining hair was unrolled, and carefully brushed, before being folded around her gracefully moulded head, which it crowned like a coronal of burnished gold. It formed her only adornment, save her quiet, girlish beauty, for the close black robe she habitually wore differed but little from the unbecoming dress of the sisterhood among whom she had been reared.

By the time she was dressed, Eady came in with her breakfast, and exhorted her to be calm and firm when Mr. Lecour questioned her concerning the incidents of the previous night. Adrienne had scarcely time to swallow her cup of coffee, and a few morsels of biscuit, when the voice of Mr. Lecour was heard in a towering passion, calling out from his door:

"Girl, am I to wait all day while you put on your rags? Come to me, I command you, without further delay."

Adrienne grew very pale; she said:

"I must go to him, or he may come in here."

"No fear o' *dat*, chile; you's safe 'nuff *here* from any 'trusion from *him*. De air o' dis here 'partmen' don't 'gree wi' his health."

"Why not? You always seem to speak in riddles, Eady."

She mysteriously replied:

"Dis were *de madame's room*, an' dere is good reasons why he won't come in it ef he can help it, but I darsn't tell 'em. Dare! jes' hear dat ole sinner, how he's rampin' an' ragin' up an' down his room. You'd better go, but don' you let him run over you; ef you does, you won't be able to stay in dis house another day, I can tell you."

Thus warned, with extreme trepidation Adrienne unclosed the door, and proceeded toward the opposite tower. The cadaverous face of Mr. Lecour glared on her as she stood in the doorway, and he scanned her from head to foot before he said:

"So-o, you've come at last! One would have thought, from the time you have taken, that all the fooleries of a Parisian toilette were to be assumed before you could make your appearance; after all, you come before me clad like a crow, with a red topknot newly dressed. Girl, that hair never belonged to me or mine, and it displeases me to see its color on your head."

"Yet it is nature's bounteous covering, *mon père*, and I am not accountable for its peculiar shade," was the reply, uttered with an apparent disregard of his wrathful mood which surprised him. He drew near to her, peered into the deep crystalline orbs, which seemed as wells of tenderness and truth, and then savagely said:

"I really don't believe you are the least afraid of me."

Though internally trembling, Adrienne remembered the words of Eady, and calmly replied:

"Why should I fear you, *mon père?*"

"We won't discuss that question now; I have something of more importance to inquire about. I wish you to state to me concisely and truly what you saw and heard last night that was unusual. Eady has doubtless told you of the—the singular visitation I have received."

"I had a strange dream, Monsieur; but I am not certain that I saw anything which cannot be accounted for on rational grounds."

"Phoo! nonsense! speak to the point, and tell me what you actually saw."

"In my dream, *mon père?*"

"No," he thundered. "Tell me what you saw with your natural eyes, for I saw you standing in the doorway while that—that *thing* was here, ringing its eldrick screeches in my ears. Speak the truth upon your soul; did you not see a woman, clad in bridal garments, come into this room last night? Did you not follow her, and witness what took place in my apartment?"

Adrienne assumed a bewildered expression as she slowly said:

"That apparition was no portion of the dream to which I have referred. If you desire to hear *that*, I will relate it to you."

"Girl, you evade me! You do not give a straightforward answer as I require. You are in league with this wretched old blackamoor to deceive me."

"It would be very singular, *mon père*, if I should cross the ocean to live with you, and join with your servant in a conspiracy against you in less than twenty-four hours after my arrival beneath your roof. If I did not behold the phantom bride, how shall I acknowledge it at your request?"

He gazed searchingly and sternly upon her, as he slowly replied:

"You are all alike, from the queen upon her throne to the black cook in the kitchen: all full of deceit, and treachery, and guile. You stood in that doorway last night; I am sure of it, yet you wish to convince me that you saw nothing of the pale bride."

"Monsieur, you are already aware that I am a somnambulist. My body is often found in places of which my dormant senses take no cognizance. If my mind had been in a condition to judge of the consequences likely to ensue, do you not think that your commands, and Eady's warnings, would have prevented me from intruding here?"

"And you *really did not see it!*" exclaimed Mr. Lecour, in a sort of despair. "Am I indeed the only wretch about this house to whom this apparition is visible? Can the voice which rings so shrilly in my ears, be but a creation of my own fantasy? Accursed! oh, accursed, whither can I flee to escape the avenging hand of God!"

He traversed the floor in an agony of anger and fear. Adrienne would have left the room, but he motioned to her to remain, and she sat down near one of the windows.

At length, wearied with the rapidity of his own motions, and the feverish anguish that preyed upon his spirit, Mr. Lecour threw himself upon his sofa, and covered his face with his folded arms. The interval of silence which followed lasted so long that it became oppressive to Adrienne, and she would gladly have escaped from the apartment if she had dared to leave it without his permission. At length he seemed to remember her presence, and looking up, he harshly said:

"Since you are here, you may as well make yourself of some use. My eyes are not as strong as they were, and you may read aloud to me."

"With pleasure, *mon père;* what shall I select?" and Adrienne arose with alacrity, and approached the bookcase.

A wild laugh burst from Mr. Lecour, and he tauntingly replied:

"You can find nothing to read to *me* which would not shock the pious abbess to see in your hands. The best infidel writers are on those shelves. You will find Voltaire, D'Holbach, Helvetius and Volney; day by day shall you come to me, till you have imbued your soul with their sparkling sophistry, and learned that there are two sides to every question; even to that of the immortality of the soul, which you have been taught to believe a fixed fact."

"And as such I must ever regard it, Monsieur," was the grave response. "I may read those works to you, but they can never shake the conviction that the spirit within me is indestructible—I feel it—I know it, by a power of intuition implanted in every soul that lives."

"Why then should mine repudiate it?" he muttered. "Read—read, child; those books will not hurt you; they will only give a keener edge to your natural proclivities. Ha! you seem pleased with the opportunity to dive into the writings of this sneering, unbelieving Frenchman," and he pointed with sarcastic scorn to the volume of Voltaire she had already taken down.

"I *am* glad of the permission to examine works which have long excited my curiosity. I am not afraid of the effect they may have on my mind, for it is a poor faith in the great God which can be shaken by the infidel writings of any man, however brilliant may have been the misguided intellect which dictated them."

"Well expressed, by all the false gods of heathendom! but we shall see what your faith is really based on before you are done with the course of reading I shall carry you through. I have spent years of my life in trying to convince myself that the whole religious fabric is the offspring of man's invention. I cannot say that I have entirely succeeded, for I still actually receive a confessor once a month.

Adrienne seemed so much shocked, that Mr. Lecour laughed with scornful glee as he pointed to her book:

"To work—to work, child. I do not argue with such fledglings as you. When you have read all my books on this subject, we may return to it again. *Then* your impressions may be radically changed."

In a discussion of this kind, Adrienne felt her inability to cope with him, and she preferred waiving it. To touch his heart, revive his deadened sensibilities to the good and true, was her only aim; and she felt that it would be defeated at the outset by embarking with him in profitless theological discussions. She would begin by reading to him such books as he recommended, but she would gradually induce him to listen to something higher and more ennobling than the most brilliant products of the scoffer's pen.

She had, however, scarcely commenced her task, when Mr. Lecour abruptly said:

"Put by the book, and talk to me. I am curious to discover what inspired you with such repugnance to the life of a *religieuse*. Until your last letter came to me, the Superior led me to suppose that you willingly accepted the destiny I had awarded you."

A faint color flashed over the transparent cheek of the young girl, and after a painful pause, she replied:

"Certain things occurred which rendered it impossible to remain without the loss of all self-respect."

"So you preferred risking the loss of your bread and butter to the sacrifice of such a myth as that! *Self-respect!* stuff! As if any one has such a sentiment for the miserable mass of selfishness and folly of which human nature is composed."

"Every human being into whom the great Jehovah has breathed a spark of his divinity, must cherish such a feeling. Without it, we are of less value than the dead leaf that flutters in the blast of autumn. I am afraid you will never understand me, *mon père*; the scoffer and the earnest soul can find no common point of union; yet I should have been glad to claim some affinity of spirit with the only human being known to me to whom I am united by ties of blood."

Mr. Lecour laughed more discordantly than ever; he mockingly repeated:

"Affinity of spirit! Don't use sentimental jargon in talking with me, Adrienne; it only arouses my cynical feelings. I am a hoary ruin on whose channelled front flowers would be singularly out of place. Do not hope to cozen me by well placed words, into believing anything that is noble, elevated, or true, of that mean thing, human nature. I have tried it in others, in myself, and always with the same result. No; man sprang from the earth, is of the 'earth earthy,' and unto her bosom shall he return after he has played his little play out."

"Yet the evil or the good which he he has accomplished shall live as a heritage of curses or of blessings to those who come after him," said the soft sweet voice which already began to wind itself about this isolated wreck, and make him feel that a ray of something softer and brighter than it had long known, had shone upon his darkened existence, affording a glimpse of that good which he had so long and sedulously shut out from both soul and life.

Mr. Lecour threw himself back upon his sofa, again closed his eyes, and said:

"Take a book and read to me what you choose. I shall soon sleep, for the sound of your voice has a lulling effect upon my nerves."

Literally obeying his command to read what she liked, Adrienne laid aside the volume of Voltaire, and drew from her pocket a small Bible. She read from the Psalms, and after a quick convulsive movement, and a bitter smile, his features collapsed into their usual pallid fixedness, and he seemed to listen with quiet indifference to the words that flowed from her lips. In a few moments he slept, for the excitement of the previous night had quite exhausted him. Adrienne closed her book with a brief prayer for strength and guidance in the difficult position in which she had found herself placed, and assuring herself that the slumber of the old man was not feigned, she arose and softly glided from the apartment. As she passed the easel with its concealed picture, the temptation assailed her to lift the drapery and look upon the work so jealously guarded from inspection.

She put forth her hand, but a glance toward the sleeping man showed her that his features were disturbed, and his lips moving, as if the dormant spirit was cognizant of her wilful act, and struggled to bid her forbear. She drew back in affright and hurriedly passed out.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MANLY ASPIRATIONS

Sometimes we want to be a man!

Not that we imagine we should be any better appreciated in broadcloth than in crinoline. Thank Providence, the day of masculine supremacy has gone by, and a very tiny woman has a better chance of making her way through the world's crowd, than a brawny giant of a man. But nevertheless, once in a while, we would give our best bonnet (and pray what can a female say more?) for the privilege of trowsers and a pair of moustaches!

When we see a woman trailing two yards of silk or barége over a muddy pavement, we would like to put down a solid boot-heel on its furthermost extremity, just for the pleasure of hearing it rip-p-p, and seeing the expression of her countenance when she turned round to receive our nonchalent "Beg your pardon, ma'am!" Wonder whether she wouldn't go home and cut herself off to a reasonable length? That would be just what we did the mischief for. And then, perhaps the other men-folks of our acquaintance would get up a meeting, and offer us a vote of thanks!

When we are in a great puzzle and perplexity, and don't know how on earth to get out of some tangle or other, we have a great curiosity to know how a cigar would taste. We never saw a man yet in a quandary, who didn't take counsel with his cigar, and come out of the labyrinth as wise as Solomon. And "what's sauce for the—" no, that wasn't our meaning, exactly. But still we don't see why the rule of cigar won't work both ways.

When we are waiting at the railroad station for somebody who is pretty certain not to make his or her appearance until that iron individual, who can't be persuaded to delay, has got just beyond running-after distance, then we envy the male creatures around us who derive so much solid comfort out of "a chew of tobacco!"

When a full-blown woman, with a cameo as large as a frying-pan, and more flowers in her bonnet than a green-house would hold, comes into a city car when she *knows* that it is full, and glares imperiously round for a seat, *then* we want to be a man. Wouldn't we look up from our newspaper with the most innocent air in the world, and the more she eyed us, the more we wouldn't get up. What's the use of the five cents a man pays the conductor, if it don't protect him against the ravages of woman?

When the weather is remarkably muddy, and we've got down-town business to transact that can't be put off on any consideration, then we would give any money to be able to put on something that wouldn't drag and flap round our defenceless ankles every step we took through the rain—to go whistling off, with our hands in our pockets, guiltless of gloves, and perfectly indifferent on the subject of cuffs and undersleeves!

When we see a party of gentlemen go merrily off to play cricket or baseball, while we, miserable wretch, are doomed to stay behind and show our crochet-patterns to their wives, and play the agreeable to women who can't talk of anything but their babies and gowns, through the burning heat of a summer afternoon, with a tea-party in the perspective, *then* we would rather be a man! Does anybody blame us?

When we see an old maid putting on mincing airs, and screwing up her mouth every time we speak without consulting Webster's Dictionary, or laugh above our breath, *don't* we wish ourself an impudent six-footer, for the fun of putting our audacious arm round her waist just once, to see what she would say!

When the kettle won't boil, and the cook gives warning, and the chimney smokes, and the baby roars, and the white-washers are at the door, and the house-cleaning woman wants to know "which room she will begin at, if you please, mem!" what wouldn't we give to be able to saunter off to the office, like our better-half, and leave somebody else to struggle through the chaos of "blue Monday?"

On the whole, there are times when it would be rather a pleasure than otherwise to be a man!

Mrs. George Washington Wyllis.

MORNING AND EMPIRE.

BY WILLAM ROSS WALLACE.

Morn on the mountain! Morn within the vale!
How sweet the wind upon the tree top wakes,
And calls the bird and stirs the dreaming sail
That idly hung all night above the lakes;
And, onward still, the dim wood softly shakes
In far off Oregon—then wide unfurled,
His wing, returning, o'er New England makes,
Amid the smoke from happy homesteads curled,
Prophetic music for the homeless of the world.

O, know that here a wondrous Empire sprung;
O feel that Earth hath not a holier ground:
Here man at last aside the fetter flung,
And as a god with calm brows looked around,
Loving the land his inspiration found,
Despite its bleakness—still the rocks might save;
Here with the large white Truth his soul was crowned.
And icy Plymouth, though it proved a grave,
Shone beautiful and bright above the wild sea's wave.

“MY PEACE;”

OR,

THE TWO WIVES OF PHILIP CARSON.

Hester Deene was as lovely as a poet's dream. There was nothing angelic, nothing supernal in her beauty. That in it which most impressed me was its intense humanness, if I may be permitted to coin a word to express my idea—its wonderful physical vitality, its powerful influence upon the senses. Hester was not pretty, nor gentle, nor *spirituelle*. Neither was her beauty of the voluptuous and sensuous order. She had a wonderful fineness and delicacy of organization, that made this abounding physical life all the more remarkable, and removed it entirely from the sphere of the baser instincts of humanity.

I was still young and ardent, imaginative in my temperament, and the influence of Hester Deene upon me was stronger than any I had ever felt. I was highly susceptible to the influence of female beauty, but none had ever impressed me like hers. I admired, worshipped, became her slave.

To others, Hester, I suppose, was but a charming girl, brilliant, vivacious, full of fire and spirit. To me she was the goddess of my idolatry, the woman whom I loved.

She responded to my devotion, she made me happy by many sweet tokens of her love, she became my wife.

I thought no man so greatly privileged as I. To call such a creature wife, to know her mine, to see her moving about my home, privately and publicly to have her always by my side, save when the imperative calls of business drew me from her for brief spaces—was ever man so blest? I thought not, and fondly hugged the pleasant delusion. Hester herself at last tore it from me. Her hand rent the scales from my eyes, her hand thrust the dagger to my heart.

Hester was my wife, and though she soon drove away all love—such love, at least, as a pure woman desires—she was never more attractive to the senses merely, than when fury hightened into sublime and awful beauty her peculiar loveliness—I denied her nothing that belonged to her station. Rare jewels, splendid dresses, elegant equipages, the privilege of feasting her friends without limit, my own personal attendance whenever she went into society—everything that my wife had a right to demand, had I loved her ever so dearly, trusted her ever so much, was hers.

I know not whether my poor wife had at any time perfect power of control over her passions. Before our marriage she must have had this power to a great extent, else she had never been able to delude me into the belief that hers was but a high and generous spirit, a little warm, perhaps, but with no ignoble taint.

I think there must have been a species of mental aberration in her case, with the cunning that is often observable in the insane.

Did company enter, while she was raving in her most violent gusts of fury, she would smoothe her ruffled features, modulate her voice, subside from vehement gesticulation to lady-like repose of manner, and, scarce a moment sufficing for the change, turn to welcome her guests with high-bred courtesy.

I would have hid my troubles in my own breast. I could trust Hester, I found, not to betray herself to visitors, or in public, but unfortunately she did not deem self-control necessary in the presence of servants, and they are a class seldom to be trusted with household secrets.

Poor Hester often wreaked the violence of her wrath on them, and when they saw her as unreasonable and cruel with her first-born child, they were not likely to hold their peace, and deny themselves the revenge afforded by spreading the story of her wrong doing. I thought, by holding up the consequences of her wrong to Hester, to place before her an adequate motive, since all others had failed, for decent self-restraint. The only result of the painful interview in which I attempted to achieve this purpose, was a fit of fury more violent than even I, so often its victim, had ever witnessed.

She sprang upon me like a tigress. She beat me with her tiny clenched fists; she tried to fasten her sharp teeth upon my face; she committed a score of mad acts I would not here relate. Foiled in her attempts to wreak her rage upon me, she flew from the room. I thought she had gone, as she often did, to her own apartments, to wear out her anger in wild and restless motion, in destruction of furniture or other valuables. I was only too glad to purchase quiet thus.

But I was aroused from this hope by a fearful commotion in the direction of the nursery. She had flown thither furious with the belief that the old nurse, once my own, and now placed in charge of my boy, to protect him by her faithful care as much as possible from his mother's violence, had been the author of the disgraceful rumors of which I had spoken to her.

The household was alarmed, and as I rushed in the direction of the nursery, the affrighted servants crowded after me. What a sight met my gaze as I reached the open door!

Upon the floor, partly beneath his overthrown crib, lay my boy, filling the air with cries of fright and pain, and, sight more fearful! upon the hearth-rug, her white hair dabbled with her own blood, that oozed from a fearful wound in the temple, was stretched the ancient nurse, the tried and faithful friend to whom had been entrusted my child. In the centre of the room, still brandishing the polished fire-iron with which she dealt the deadly blow, her beautiful face distorted, her eyes blazing with fury, stood, like an avenging demon, the woman I had called wife.

We hastened to seize her, and though she struggled with almost superhuman strength, she was soon secured. She was carried to her own apartment, where she fell at once into the violent hysterical paroxysms that frequently followed her wilder bursts of fury.

Leaving her there in the care of her maid, I returned in haste to the scene of the disaster.

The servants had by this time lifted the motionless body of the nurse, and laid her upon the bed in an adjoining room. Others had succeeded in partially tranquilizing the screaming child, and one had gone to summon a physician.

Why prolong the story of that dreadful day. Before its close the nurse had ceased to live, and my wife, a prisoner in the hands of justice, only remained beneath my roof because too ill to be removed. To add to the trials of the hour, my boy was found to have received injuries of a very serious nature, the results of which time alone could determine.

* * * * * *

A year from that fatal day saw me a wanderer in Europe. I had brought my boy to Paris that he might receive the care of one of the most eminent physicians of that capital so celebrated for medical skill. I had left him there under the care of my widowed sister, while I sought to distract my soul from its heavy burden of sorrow by travel.

Poor Hester was no more. Shame and remorse had quickly done their work. Death had come in mercy, and released her from prison, from the trial and doom of a murderess. Of an organization exceedingly fine and sensitive, the reaction of her sufferings upon her health had been both swift and certain. It was with a strange joy that I closed her beautiful eyes in death. I knew that God is more merciful than man. He, perhaps, would know that some taint of evil transmitted to her, and without her own responsibility, had led her to commit the fearful deed. He, perhaps, might pardon. She died a humble penitent.

When I had seen the sod growing green above her grave, I sailed for Europe, turning my back, as I thought, forever upon my native land.

Palliation, mitigation of my boy's sufferings was all that Doctor B—— promised. He was hopelessly, helplessly crippled. I could not bear to stay and watch his painful days and sleepless nights, to hear him moan and cry for his mamma, whom, spite of all her cruel rage, he had passionately loved, and whose absence he had never learned to account for. It was misery to leave him, it was far greater misery to stay.

I visited the Russian empire, saw St. Petersburgh and Moscow, and thence made my way to Constantinople and the far East. I saw Galilee, and Bethany, and Jerusalem. I wandered beyond the confines of civilization, and dwelt among the barbarous nomadic tribes of the steppes, and, after a thousand vicissitudes and perils, I found myself at Calcutta. Here a letter from my sister reached me. It had been written almost a year before, and, warning me of my boy's increasing feebleness, implored me to return to him, and to relieve her of the sole responsibility of such a charge.

I was stung with remorse as I perused the contents of this letter. I had neglected and endeavored to transfer my duty, in my selfish sorrow. Doubtless my boy was already no more, had died with no parent near to watch and soothe him, to smooth the way his infant feet must tread as they neared the dark valley.

With frantic haste I made my preparations, and was speedily upon my way. I selected, of course, the overland route, as swiftest, and in a space of time almost incredibly short, I found myself entering Paris, *en route* from Marseilles, where I had landed the previous day.

I drove at once to the lodging where I had left my sister, but found she had removed to another quarter of the town, “a new quarter, quite in the suburbs,” the concierge told me, “where *le petit Monsieur* could have better air. Monsieur, the great doctor, had ordered his removal.”

“Was the boy living?” I asked, hurriedly.

The concierge did not know, he never left his little den, and nobody had been to the hotel who knew him. I was fain to curb my anxiety until I could hurry to the distant suburb.

“Madame was within, and *le petit Monsieur*, and mademoiselle also.”

I bounded up the long flight of stairs, in my haste scarcely wondering who was this mademoiselle of whom I had heard nothing before—perhaps my sister's young daughter had joined her. A tidy servant, in smart cap and apron, opened the door; I hastened past her, and stood in my sister's presence. She sprang toward me with a cry of joy, and when I released her from my arms, I saw sitting near the window, with the pale, earnest face of my boy pressed close to her bosom, a young girl whom I surely had never until then beheld.

She rose up quickly, and gave my boy to my arms. The little fellow clung to me, and stroked my brown cheek and flowing beard with his wasted hands. He pressed kisses upon my mouth, and nestled close to my breast, and called me “papa” with his weak but loving childish voice. He grew tired at length, and fell asleep in my arms, and then I had time to answer my sister's questions, and to observe that our guest had quitted the apartment. I inquired who she was.

“Our Rosalie!” my sister exclaimed. “I had quite forgotten that she was a stranger to you, and she is timid, poor child, and hastened silently away as soon as you came. She is Mademoiselle de la Paix, the grand-daughter of an old soldier of the Empire, who occupies some tiny rooms on the ground floor. She is plain, as you see, but a very angel of mercy. She has done more even than the pure air to bring little Philip back to his present health, after that dreadful illness he had when we came here. We owe her far more than we can ever repay, and so do all her neighbors, and all the poor of the quarter—for wherever there is suffering or want, there she is to be found quietly doing good.”

The next day I saw Mademoiselle de la Paix again. When my boy went to take his daily airing in the fields beyond the barrier, I carried him in my arms, instead of the Norman *bonne* who usually performed that office. It was in returning from our walk that we met Mademoiselle de la Paix. She came out of a wayside cottage, as we passed it, an old woman following her to the very gate and uttering thanks and blessings.

Mademoiselle blushed and then smiled as she saw us, gently put back her grateful protégée, hesitated a little, then with a graceful courtesy acknowledged my salutation, and joined us. Our road was the same, little Philip was welcoming her in the most ecstatic manner, and it was impossible that she should leave us until the dear child's questions had all been answered. Ere that we had passed the barrier, and were near our home. Then the child grew weary, and the *bonne* took him in her arms to soothe him. I offered my arm to my neighbor, and she accepted it with simple grace. We outstripped the lagging nurse and were alone. We conversed, and I was charmed by the unaffected simplicity and modest intelligence of my new friend.

Thenceforth I saw her every day. I obtained permission to visit the war-worn veteran, her grandfather, and if I was pleased with Rosalie's attentions to my child, I was profoundly touched by her devotion to the garrulous and exacting old man. It became evident to me that Rosalie was one of the sisterhood of mercy—a sister unprofessed—like many of her class, who quietly and unostentatiously, apparently without design, save the impulse of love-abounding souls, devote themselves, time, strength, life to good works. These are our ministering angels in the flesh.

If it is sweet to reflect upon the invisible ministering spirits that hover about our pathway, how satisfying to behold those who, while yet in the form, move with quiet loving kindness in our homes, bringing peace and soothing to every mortal ill and sorrow.

It was only when I made preparations that were to separate me from Rosalie that I learned how I loved her. Hitherto I had but speculated upon, admired and venerated her goodness. I had appreciated, now I found mingling with the feeling something of human passion, and I loved her.

We were going home to America, for Philip would never be better, and his native air was desirable for him. We were going, but Rosalie could not leave her grandfather. I dared not ask it, but I promised myself, and said to her, that in one year I should return. I had found my Peace, and though I might leave her behind me. I determined it should be but for a little time.

We were quite ready, trunks packed, passports obtained—everything completed, and were to set out that morning for Havre. As we sat at our early breakfast, there was a knock at the door—Rosalie's servant came to beg my sister to come to her young mistress. I followed, also, for I learned from the woman's frightened words, that her master was very ill.

Past all illness and sorrow, gone forever from the decrepitude and suffering of old age, he lay upon the couch beside which the young girl knelt. Silently, in the night time, the messenger had come. He lay quite dead—no battle summons should rouse him more, but only the Archangel's trump on the Last Day.

We could not leave Rosalie in her affliction and loneliness. Our preparations were countermanded.

When the funeral was over, and Rosalie could think of self and her future, we found she was not only an orphan, but quite destitute of near relations. She was homeless also, and poor, since the poor old soldier's pension ceased with his life. By my suggestion my sister invited her to accompany us on our homeward voyage, to become her guest, and the inmate of her American home. I think little Philip's pleadings determined her, though she may have heeded my anxious glances.

I did not leave my Peace behind. Nor has she ever left me. Years ago she came to dwell beneath my roof.

Poor frail and crippled Philip has reached his imperfect manhood now. He blesses her every day, for no mother could have loved or tended him more carefully.

And I, how can I enough thank Him who gave me the angel of my life—my blessed, blessed Peace.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

“Fare, sir, if you please!”

O, for the good old middle ages! it's an incontrovertible fact that romance never was meant to flourish in this nineteenth century! There is nothing on earth more destructive to budding sentiment than a ride in the city cars! No matter whether you are soaring in the empyrean realms of poesy, or groping in the mines of metaphysics, just so sure as you don't start at the right instant, the elbow of that inevitable conductor is thrust into your ribs, with—

“Fare, sir, if you please!”

Into my pockets went my hands, with a mechanical plunge, encountering any quantity of miscellaneous possessions! Cigar-case, pencil, penknife—pshaw! tooth-pick, tobacco-box, twenty-dollar gold piece—Apollos! wasn't there such a thing as small change left within the bounds of creation? Ah! and with a sigh of infinite relief I fished up a tarnished half-dime, and satisfied therewith the greed of that inexorable biped who had been standing over me all this time, very much as a jailer may be supposed to keep guard over his prisoner! And the whole business was rendered particularly aggravating by the arch, half-averted sparkle of a pair of blue eyes opposite—Netty Blossom's eyes!

I never felt my own awkwardness so keenly as at that moment when Netty's little gloved fingers extricated her fare from a tiny silk purse with the grace of a second Venus! I envied the conductor as he pocketed the precious bit of silver—I envied the fat old gentleman who pulled the strap at the corner of Something-or-other street, for her to alight! I had been chronically in love with Miss Blossom for about a week, but at this moment I felt as if it would be an infinite satisfaction to throw myself under the wheels of the car for her sake!

Don't laugh, reader—you may be in love yourself some day!

As she tripped past me with a smile and nod which set my brain in a dizzy whirl, something shining slipped from the folds of her gray silk dress, and rolled to the floor! Instinctively I put my boot upon it—was the souvenir of *her* sweet presence to be desecrated by the irreverent paws of the fat old gentleman, or the covetous clasp of the sharp-featured lady in spectacles, whose basket had been irritating my spine for the last mile? No, by the gods! and not until the spectacles had got out, and the fat man was safe behind the columns of a newspaper, did I venture to possess myself of the stray waif!

It was a three-cent piece—a bright little coin with a hole drilled in it, and a bit of blue ribbon tied therein! Netty had dropped it from that silken purse! It had been in Netty's possession—*her* hands had fastenad the azure ribbon! I had read of stray gloves and rosebuds being treasured by faithful swains in remembrance of their ladye-loves—this was *my* pledge and precious boon! Perhaps—who could tell? she might even have dropped it on purpose! Cupid! what a spasmodic leap my heart gave at the mere idea!

I jumped out of the cars, at the serious risk of breaking my neck—(what did *I* care for the profane language of the wrathful driver, or the demonstrative ecstacy of the little ragged boys on the sidewalk?)—and rushed home like a demented creature. In my own room, with the door locked and double locked, I could view the prize at leisure!

There was an infinitessimal velvet case, lined with snowy satin, among my possessions, in which I generally kept the sole relic of my days of dandyism—a diamond ring. Out went the glimmering stone and its rim of gold—any old box would do for that! Hereafter the white velvet case should be placed under my nightly pillow, sacred to the silver charm alone. By day it should repose against my heart—and I actually suspended it round my neck on a black watch-ribbon!

Remember, reader, that I was in love! The tea-bell had jingled for the third time before I was ready to descend. My mother, good soul, fancied I must be sick, I looked flushed and nervous.

“You haven't taken cold, my boy?”

“No, ma'am—it's only riding in the chill air!”

“Do take a few drops of peppermint on a lump of loaf sugar—it's the best thing in the world—or a little camphor!”

“Indeed I don't require it, mother—I am perfectly well!”

The blessed old lady looked at me over the top of her spectacles, silenced but unconvinced. These mothers—when are they ever easy about us!

“Why, what on earth has Tom got around his neck?” exclaimed my sister Mary, catching sight of the black watch-ribbon.

“Nothing, nothing! growled I, burying my face in a cup of steaming tea. “Do mind your own business!”

“Polite, certainly,” said Mary, with a shrug of her shoulders.

“It must be a cabalistic spell, to keep the witches away—our Tom has grown superstitious since he took to reading metaphysics,” tittered roguish little Fanny, in a loud whisper.

There was a true feminine giggle all round the table—I've always noticed that when one woman says a silly thing, all the other women in company are ready to laugh at it, particularly if it's at the expense of the only gentleman present. I pretended not to hear the remark, and maintained a dignified silence, until Mary hung out signals of truce.

“Why, you don't eat anything to-night, Harry! Do take some more preserves! You won't? Nor another cup of tea? How strange. By the bye, did you know that Ellen Percy has invited us all there to-night?”

“I didn't know it,” said I, gruffly; “but it makes very little difference, as I haven't the least intention of going!”

My sisters set up a simultaneous outcry of deprecation, but I sat unmoved as the rock of Gibraltar.

“Rebecca Ashe is to be there!” cried Mary.

“Hang Rebecca Ashe,” was my ungallant response.

“And Lily Brownell—pretty Lily Brownell, that you used to admire so much!” chirped Fanny in sentimental accents.

“*I* don't care for forty Lily Brownells.”

“And all the young people—Charley Stone and Mark Tracey, and——”

“Mark Tracey is the most conceited puppy of my acquaintance. I shan't go, that's settled!”

“And Netty Blossom,” added Fanny.

“Netty Blossom? are you certain?” quoth I with a start.

“Quite sure—Ellen Tracey told me so.”

“Oh, that alters the case. I think I'll go, if you won't take over three hours to dress.”

The girls exchanged mischievous glances and ran up stairs to perform the interminable mysteries of the toilet. My mother went to give her usual evening orders to the housekeeper, and I remained alone by the muddy firelight alternately thinking about Netty Blossom's blue eyes and kissing the three-cent piece.

It was a very unsatisfactory evening—*very!* Netty Blossom was there robed liked a fairy, in white muslin and pink ribbons, her lovely shoulders looking like curves of pearl against the snow of her dress, and a single scarlet rose in her bosom. I had brought a superb hothouse bouquet for her—white japonicas in perfumed nests of geranium leaves, and fiery stars of tropic bloom—but I might as well have left the flowers at home, for all the chance I got of presenting them to Netty. I couldn't even obtain an opportunity of speaking to her, and all because of that confounded blockhead, Mark Tracey! I know I'm using pretty strong language, but put any other fellow in my precise circumstances and see if he wouldn't pile on the adjectives in pretty much the same proportion. In vain I watched and waited—never for one moment did he leave Netty's side.

“Well,” soliloquized I to myself, “I've heard a good deal of the conceit of my amiable sex, but I never knew its full extent until now. Does that puppy suppose his company is so superlatively agreeable that Miss Blossom don't want to exchange a syllable with any other gentleman in the room! Upon—my—word! if he isn't taking her down to supper. Poor dear little creature, how annoyed she must be! I wonder if it wouldn't be a good plan for me to knock the fellow down! Hallo, what a crowd of crinoline—and the staircase inconveniently dark beside. Here's a dark archway, and——”

I stopped suddenly with a sensation as if some icy hand had clutched at my heart. The dark archway was not unoccupied—I had stumbled upon Mark Tracy in the act of kissing Netty Blossom in the corner! Through all the obscurity I could discern the crimson blood mounting to Netty's cheek; but Mark, instead of manifesting the least confusion, laughed gaily, and exclaimed with the coolest effrontery:

“Now don't be horrified, my dear fellow, it may be your turn some day to be an engaged man. Come, Netty.”

An engaged man! What did the young scamp mean?

My sisters could not imagine why I hurried away that night in such breathless haste. “Just,” as Fanny dolefully observed, “as we were beginning to have a little fun.” Mary, however, was so full of the occurrences of the evening that she could scarcely wait until we were in the street, to say:

“Well, Tom, we shall all dance at a wedding pretty soon. What do you think of the marriage of Netty Blossom and Mark Tracey?”

I uttered an indistinct grunt down in my throat, which she interpreted as a desire for general information on the subject.

“It's the most romantic affair in the world. They have been engaged this long time, but Netty has played the coquette, and they might never have been married, if it hadn't been for a three-cent piece.”

Hereat I pricked up my ears and bit my under-lip spitefully.

“You see Netty told me all about it in the dressing room, when we were doing each other's hair. Mark and she had exchanged three-cent pieces, and he had given her one with a blue ribbon through it. And somehow she lost it this morning, and of course, when he discovered it was missing, he upbraided her with purposely losing it, and ceasing to care for him. And there was a delicious lover's quarrel, and reconciliations, and all that sort of thing. They are to be married next month, but Netty declares she shall be miserable until her little blue ribboned token comes to light again.”

I listened in grim silence, grinding my teeth together, as I thought of the kisses and rhapsodies I had bestowed on Mark Tracey's three-cent piece!

Long and late I sat before the fire in my room, revolving the singular events of the day and evening that were past, and trying to conquer the dull mortified pangs that *would* surge up in my breast, with the trite balsams of philosophy. Of course I wasn't the first young man that had made an egregious fool of himself, through the agency of the little blind god—nor was it by any means likely that I should be the last. *That* was certain, but nevertheless, I couldn't help feeling as if a pair of long ears, sprouting up back of my shirt-collar would be singularly appropriate.

There's one thing I claim extra credit for—when I tore the white velvet case from my breast as if it had been a live coal, I neither ground it under my boot-heel, nor tossed it on the back of the fire, as the disappointed lovers of novel-lore invariably proceed to do. No—I laid it carefully away, and to this day, Mrs. Mark Tracey does not know who sent the pretty little casket which was so much dearer to her than the costly trinkets sparkling in her array of other bridal presents—dearer, just because it contained *that* three-cent piece.

After all, I don't think I care so much about it—there are other pretty girls in the world. Don't you think so, Mr. Public?

When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The great men of the earth are the shadowy men, who, having lived and died, now live again and forever through their undying thoughts. Thus living, though their footfalls are heard no more, their voices are louder than the thunder, and unceasing as the flow of tides or air.

What we call wisdom is the result, not the residuum, of all the wisdom of past ages. Our best institutions are like young trees growing upon the roots of old trunks that have crumbled away.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long and deepening before us.

When the hay-day of life is over, old age may be sunny and chirping; a merry heart may nestle in a tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in a ruined chimney.

Honesty is not only the best policy, but the highest wisdom. However difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times more difficult for knavery to *get off*.

Happiness is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies* much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those who conquer her adversaries need not go to her, for she will come to them.

It seems strange that we of the present day are constantly praising that past age which our fathers abused, and as constantly abusing the present age which our children will praise.

Magnanimous repentance never waits for the spur of remorse before it bounds toward the injured one with confession and reconciliation.

A man often thinks he knows more than he does, never that he knows less. A sleeping man dreams he is awake, a waking man never dreams he sleeps.

Some persons are odious to vulgar people simply on account of their rank in society. Each of them may say, like the king in Hamlet, “O my offence is *rank*.”

Conscious guilt or defect betrays itself by cowardice; the shaking and trembling of the flowery sod shows that it covers a hollow place.

Because poets have been called the irritable race, nearly all irritable young men and women seem to think themselves poets.

That man's greatness is not appreciated who walks far in advance of his age; he dwarfs himself by the distance.

Let any lady paint who chooses. If she raises a hue upon her cheek, that's no reason you should raise a hue and cry.

Some persons seem to obey literally the injunction, “hold fast the truth;” they never allow it to *escape* them.

It is in vain for a speaker to bring his hearers to his own conclusions when they are impatient for that of his speech.

No error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no other *reward* because they have heard she is *her own*.

To say of a gentleman that he is a very domestic man, and makes a good husband, is only a more polite way of saying he is hen-pecked.

It requires less philosophy to take things as they come than to part with things as they go

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty

An inebriated man can weigh nothing correctly: he is always losing his balance.

Many a man owns fine *premises* who hasn't sense enough to draw conclusions.

The borrower ties a rope around his neck and puts the end of it in the hand of his neighbor

The pugilist who bets a penny on the result of his encounter is “in for a penny in for a pound.”

One's sweetheart is always the flower of humanity; one's wife sometimes the flour of sulphur.

To him who has no soul, there is no such thing as the soul of music.

CURRENT ITEMS.

As a lady, living in South Brooklyn, was filling a fluid lamp, one evening lately, while the wick was burning, the fluid in the can became ignited and exploded, scattering the burning liquid over her clothes, which instantly took fire, and wrapped her in flames from head to foot. Frantic with affright, she ran screaming into the street, which of course aggravated the flames, and she was soon burned so terribly, that she died in a few hours.

A little girl living in Oxford, Pa., lately fell down stairs, and her aunt hearing her scream, ran to her assistance; forgetting, in her fright, that she had a sharp butcher knife in her hand, the aunt made a grasp at the screaming child, and stuck the knife into her side just above the region of the heart, inflicting a wound that it was feared would be fatal.

A couple of boats—one loaded with lumber and the other with flour and barley—got into the rapids above Niagara Falls a short time since, and were carried over the cataract. On one of the boats was a woman—the wife of the captain—who was rescued by parties who went out for that purpose in a skiff.

A clergyman who recently visited the State Asylum for idiots at Syracuse, wrote to a friend “never to marry a blood relation, for such intermarriages, I am told, are the cause of most of the imbecility witnessed here—the most hopeless imbeciles being the children of parents who were blood relations.”

While a party of little girls were playing on the balcony of a house in Second Avenue, one afternoon a short time since, one of them playfully leaned over the railing, and losing her balance fell to the ground, and although the hight of the balcony was but seven feet, she was injured so badly that she died that same afternoon.

A black man, said to be a Cuban negro and the cook on a Spanish vessel, got into an affray with a couple of men in South street, one night recently, and drawing a large knife, cut and stabbed them so severely it was thought they would die of their wounds.

An affray recently took place near Bushwick Cross Roads, in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, between a couple of men, one of whom had his jaw broken in two places, and was otherwise so seriously injured that it was thought he would die.

While digging a well at Keeseville, N. J., a man was buried alive by the caving in of the earth from the top, whereby he was buried at a depth of fifteen feet. He was dug out as soon as possible, but was dead when reached.

A man in Front street attempted to cut his throat with a razor, one evening lately, but a policeman happening to discover him in the act, intermeddled just as the suicide had given himself a terrible (though not fatal) gash, and had him taken to the hospital.

A ruffian was recently arrested in Brooklyn, on a charge of brutally beating a married lady, in her own house, because she ordered him to leave on account of his outrageously insulting conduct.

While a number of vagrant boys were playing on a dock on the East river, one day lately, a couple of them fell into the water, one of whom was drowned, and the other saved with much difficulty.

A young lady, in attempting to step upon a Fulton ferry-boat, which had started from the dock, lost her balance, and would have fallen into the slip, had she not been caught by a gentleman standing near.

An unknown man was found one morning lately lying insensible in Washington street; the police attempted to carry him to a station house for medical assistance, but he died on the way

One morning recently a little boy two years old fell from the fifth story of a house in Thirty-first street, and was instantly killed, the body being crushed almost to a mass of jelly.

A high scaffold, up town, fell the other day, while three men were at work upon it, and they were so horribly bruised and mangled that their lives were despaired of.

An aged man, while walking along Ninth street one day lately, was taken suddenly ill and died before he could reach his residence.

A woman living in Cherry street was fatally burned, one evening recently, by the explosion of a fluid lamp which she was trying to fill while it was lighted.

The chimney of a house in Madison street was struck by lightning the other morning, and demolished, but fortunately no other damage was done.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

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TURKEY.

Yes, Turkey is our text; not "the sick man of Europe," but a healthier biped—the festal bird which stands next to the traditional war-fowl of the Republic in the estimation of millions of intelligent freemen. Indeed it is by no means certain that he does not, at the present jovial season, take precedence of the Jovian bird. If their relative popularity could be tested by ballot any time between the 1st of November and the 1st of January, it is quite likely that turkey would whip. True, "it is glorious to see the monarch of the cloud soaring heavenward with unblenching eye," but the monarch of the table flat on his back, dished for sacrifice, is a spectacle to excite the gastric juices and move the mouth to tears. It is unfortunate for the domestic popularity of our country's emblem that he is inedible. One can form some idea of the disgusting spectacle he would present if broiled, by looking at the arms of Austria!

But the turkey is a delectable fowl, a creature to give thanks upon, and to make merry withal. There can be no doubt that he was designed for the banquet. In fact, he intimates as much himself. Hear him—"gobble-gobble!" Can anything be more suggestive? The early Spaniards gave him the name of *Pavon de las Indias*, or "Peacock of the West Indies," an appellation to which his fuss-and-feathery style of displaying his rearward plumes fairly entitles him. He is vainer, however, than the bird of Juno, and he has a right to be, for one slice out of his delicious breast is worth whole stacks of peacocks. His arrogant and impudent gutterals no doubt suggested the phrase "talking turkey," so common in some sections of our country.

The paragon of poultry is in full perfection now. He pervades the market. Everybody buys him, but everybody is not competent to cook him. Opinions differ, and have always differed, as to the best mode of dressing him. Soyer says it is rank heresy to boil him; Savarin recommends that he be stuffed with truffles—a loud-smelling, wormy, leathery, indigestible species of fungi—and roasted; another Frenchman recommends a lining of chestnuts, and an old English cookery-book tells us to "fix" him after this fashion: "Take and cleane your turkey on the backe and bruise all his bones; then season with salt and pepper, grasse beaten and put into him good store of butter; he must have five howers bakinge." The last prescription is worthy of the Vandals.

The true christian way to prepare a turkey is to fill him with internal improvements in the shape of a rich compost compounded of bread, eggs, thyme, pepper, salt, a *little* lemon-peel, and a *very* little butter. Then roast him and serve him up with a gravy made of his giblets, seasoned and thickened with a spoonful or two of flour. If there is anything better than a sliver cut from the tender bosom of the creature, or his "second joint," the savor thereof is unknown to us. As to his pedal extremities when buttered, salted, Cayenne-peppered, and—not to put too fine a point upon it—"devilled," they are, gastronomically speaking, "a big thing."

LIBERTY AND LAW.

The relation between liberty and law is not understood by all. Some think there is an antagonism between them,—that law has a tendency to restrain liberty—that the less men are governed the more liberty they have.

Let us look at the matter. What liberty can a man rightfully claim? He can claim the right to act in accordance with his nature. The bird cannot claim a right to inhabit the sea, nor the fish to inhabit the forest. The bird was made to live in the air, the fish, in the water. Man was made to do right. It is contrary to his true nature, contrary to the end for which he was created to do wrong. His liberty is not restrained when he is prevented from doing wrong. He has no right to do wrong, and hence cannot demand liberty to do wrong.

The object of law is to secure to every man the enjoyment of his rights—to secure him against wrong. Sir James Macintosh defines liberty to be, "security against wrong." Now suppose a system of laws to be enacted which shall permit everything that is just and right, and forbid everything that is unjust and wrong, and suppose such a system of laws to be faithfully executed. What would be the result? Every one would be free to do what was just, and would be protected from all injustice. What more can a man ask than perfect freedom to do right, and perfect security against wrong?

Such a system would be the perfection of law, and the result would be the perfection of liberty. Hence, liberty, instead of being restrained by law, is the result of law. The perfection of law would produce the perfection of liberty.

GROWING SMALLER.

A young lad overheard a conversation which took place between his father and a neighbor. The conversation had reference to a well known inhabitant of the place. The lad did not pay sufficient attention to understand much that was said. This remark, however, struck him. "He is," said Mr. H., referring to the person respecting whom they were conversing, "he is growing smaller every day."

The lad thought he would see if the remark were true. The next time he met the person, he eyed him narrowly, but could see no diminution of his portly dimensions. He was obliged to have recourse to his father for an explanation of the meaning of Mr. H.'s remark. He found that there were other ways of growing small than by a lessening of the bodily form.

Men grow smaller when they grow penurious. Examples of this kind of growth are quite common. "There goes a man," said a princely merchant of New York to a friend from the country, as they passed a man in the street—"there goes a man who was very liberal before he became rich, or before there was a prospect of his becoming rich." When he was doing a small business, he was very liberal in proportion to his means. Some thought he gave away more than was proper and right. When he was worth an hundred thousand dollars, he gave away less than when he began business on a capital of two or three thousand, and a part of that borrowed. When he was worth half a million, it was with great difficulty that he could be induced to give away any thing at all. His wealth had grown large—his soul had grown small.

THE SHAVING QUESTION.

The unsettled question of centuries—"beards or no beards"—has recently been revived abroad with considerable vivacity. In England a clerical reproof has been administered to the whiskered and bearded portion of the church hierarchy, and it has also been intimated to certain continental regiments much given to moustache, that hair and heroism are not necessarily "one and inseparable." On the other hand it is urged that if the Creator had not intended men to wear hair on their faces He would not have caused it to sprout there; but then if this is a good argument against shaving, it may be assumed with equal propriety that we ought to let our nails go unpared, which would be very inconvenient in this age of muscular christianity, as it would prevent us from doubling our fists. But the early christians, we are told, went unshaven and wore flowing locks, wherefore it is insisted that long hair on the face and head is not unpriestly or uncomely. Much, however, depends upon the customs of the period in cases of this kind. In the days of St. Peter and St. Paul, an exuberance of whisker, moustache and goatee was not looked upon as the height of foppery. It *is* so regarded now, and the jaunty style of arranging these appendages, adopted by "young bloods," is certainly not in harmony with the dignity and solemnity of the clerical character. Yet according to some of the English papers many of the young clergy of the Established Church rival the officers of the dragoon regiments in the length and bushiness of their whiskers. Punch caricatures these poodle-ized ministers of the gospel unmercifully, but not unjustly. The following piece of advice from a treatise on "The Loathsomeness of Long Hair," by the Rev'd Thomas Hall, published in London more than one hundred years ago, seems to suit the case of such pulpit fops exactly:

> Go gallants to the barbers, go,
> Bid them your hairy bushes mow.
> God in a bush did once appeare,
> But there is nothing of him here.
> Here's that he deeply hates: beside
> The execrable sin of pride.
> Such bushes daily intervert
> The time that's due the better part,
> And more observance have by farre
> Than he in whom you live and are.

A HOME FOR DESTITUTE DOGS.

The world is full of queer anomalies. For example, in the city of London, where multitudes of human beings endure, unhelped, the bitterest pangs of want, there is a "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs," with four lady patronesses, three of whom are peeresses, a managing committee of seven ladies and four gentlemen, and a minister of the gospel for its secretary! Hundreds of miserable, mangy curs picked up in the streets. are taken to the "Home," where they are comfortably boarded and lodged—much more comfortably, if we may judge from an "address" recently issued by the "institution," than many Christians for whom London charity, so tender to "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," has forgot to provide a home. At present only one large building is occupied as a canine almshouse and hospital, but it is announced by the London press that as funds accumulate, "receiving houses will be established in all parts of the city," from which the mongrel foundlings and estrays will be conveyed to the parent institution!

There are many ways of treating useless and ownerless curs. To feed and shelter them at the expense of the charitable is better than to work them up into sausages; but we have little sympathy with the maudlin humanity that gives its tears and testers to dogs, while men, women and children starve in the streets whence the more favored brutes are rescued. If we might venture on a suggestion to the titled lady patronesses and clerical secretary of the London Charitable Doggery, we would say, "Kill off your curs and give their kennels and their food to the outcasts of St. Giles's and Whitechapel. They would be thankful to be as well housed and fed as your four-legged dependents."

POPULAR OFFICERS.

How ridiculous it is for any officer to try to become popular with his men by permitting a lax discipline, and letting them off easily when they neglect their duty. Was there ever a too indulgent parent that was not at last despised or lightly regarded by his children? What teacher is so beloved as he who *makes* every pupil do his duty? What commanders have been so idolized as the Nelsons, the Wellingtons, the Napoleons, who have had the art of getting two men's work out of one man? Frederick the Great, and his father before him, were martinets in enforcing discipline, but their soldiers revered them. And the same principle applies to the rawest lieutenant in our army, and the youngest midshipman in the navy. The officer who does his own duty with exactness and regularity, and compels his men to do their duty with exactness and regularity, is always respected, and needs only a certain suavity of manner to be beloved.

A NURSERY PEEP.

As naturally as a little duck takes to the nearest puddle, does a small boy to throwing stones, and a small girl to handling a broom. It is very curious how instinctively *sex* shows itself in a young child's selection of amusements. There have been little boys, it is true, who have played with dolls, and even made awkward attempts with the needle. We consider these bad signs in a boy. We had much rather put up with a little extra boisterousness, even in view of an occasional headache, than to see what in our opinion argues a future lack of energy and efficiency. That an embryo intelligent man or woman, is always the most troublesome in the nursery, needs no proving at this day. And a parent who would avoid properly directing this activity, through indolence, may look to see it forced into mischievous and hurtful channels. Home education—nursery-education—is no pastime to amuse an idle hour. It is a high—holy—serious—sweet labor, and so the faithful parent will always find it, notwithstanding all drafts on physical strength. And yet how many careless, uskilful, rude hands, sweep over these delicate chords, snapping one, over-straining another, loosening a third, and jarring the whole instrument, transmitted to them so perfect from the hands of its Maker, till it sends forth only a life-long discord.

FANNY FERN.

THE CAMPAIGN OF ASPERN AND ESSLING.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The city of Ratisbon is situated but a few miles from Eckmuhl, on the right bank of the Danube. The Austrians, after their dreadful defeat at Eckmuhl had been driven across the river into the wilds of Bohemia. Napoleon took possession of the city. Having buried his dead, and provided tenderly for his sick and wounded, he commenced the descent of the Danube towards Vienna. One Austrian army of 200,000 men he had effectually dispersed; still there were 300,000 more preparing to arrest his progress. They planted their batteries upon almost every eminence, and upon the banks of every stream; but the French soldiers, in this march, appeared to pay no more regard to shot and shell than if they had been snow flakes. Through the most awful scenes of carnage, and through an almost unintermitted battle, they pressed on towards Vienna.

On the 10th of May, just one month after the invading Austrians crossed the Inn, Napoleon appeared before the walls of Vienna. The city, containing, with its suburbs, some 300,000 inhabitants, is built upon a small arm or creek of the Danube, about two miles from the main stream. The Austrian army was mainly upon the other side of the Danube, hurrying to the protection of the capital. Napoleon, anxious to save the city from bombardment, sent a flag of truce, summoning it to surrender. The officer who bore the flag was massacred in the streets, and a fire was opened upon the French from the walls.

Immediately the fire was returned from the French batteries, and a horrible storm of shells was showered down upon the city for ten hours. A maiden princess, Maria Louisa, Napoleon's subsequent bride, was lying sick in one of the palaces. The imperial family, in their flight, were under the cruel necessity of leaving their helpless child behind them. Napoleon, being informed of the position of the princess, changed the direction of his guns, that her person might not be endangered. It was soon manifest that the city could not be defended, and a capitulation ensued.

In just four weeks after the Austrians crossed the Inn, invading Bavaria, Napoleon took possession of Vienna. All private property was respected. But the magnificent arsenal, four hundred pieces of cannon, and an incalculable amount of military stores fell into the hands of the victor.

"The people of Vienna," said Napoleon, in a proclamation to his soldiers, "abandoned, widowed, shall be the object of your regards. I take its good citizens under my especial protection. As to the turbulent and the wicked, they shall meet with exemplary justice. Be kind to the poor peasants; to those worthy people who have so many claims upon your esteem. Let us not manifest any pride at our success. Let us see in it but a proof of that divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured."

In tender regard to the feelings of the Austrians, instead of employing his own troops for police service, he raised a burgher force of 6,000 Austrians, 1,500 of whom mounted guard every day. Though Napoleon was thus victorious, his situation seemed to the European courts to be desperate. Austria was endeavoring to concentrate against him nearly 400,000 highly disciplined troops. Prussia was sending 200,000 men into the field. Russia was offering her vast army to the coalition; and England had sent a fleet of one hundred and seventy-five vessels of war, with innumerable transports, conveying to the mouth of the Scheldt one hundred thousand combatants.

Napoleon had 90,000 men in Vienna. The Archduke Charles, on the opposite side of the river, had assembled 100,000 troops, and vast reinforcements were hastening to his ranks. The Danube here is a majestic stream one thousand yards wide. It was apparently impossible for Napoleon to cross this stream in the presence of so formidable a foe. Six miles below Vienna was the island of Lobau, which divided the river into two channels of unequal width. The island was about five miles long and three wide, and densely wooded. A channel of 900 yards separated this island from the right bank of the river, where the French were encamped. On the other side of the island there was a very narrow channel but about 200 feet in width, which separated it from the left-bank of the stream, where the Austrian encampments were extended.

The Emperor secretly made his preparations, and in a dark night threw several capacious bridges across, and took such strong possession as to exclude all fear of being expelled by the Austrians. Pontoon bridges had also been prepared to cross the narrow creek on the left of the island. All of the succeeding day and the next night were employed in transporting the troops across to the north banks of the Danube. Twenty thousand had crossed and taken possession of the villages of Aspern and Essling, on the edge of the great plain of Marshfield, when sixty thousand Austrians, with three hundred pieces of artillery, came thundering down upon the little band thus severed from their comrades. At three o'clock in the afternoon the conflict commenced, and for five hours raged with unabated fury. Napoleon was confident that could he but maintain his post until 20,000 more of his troops had crossed, he could repel the Austrians.

Ten thousand of the French troops had now been cut down. Rains upon the distant mountains were causing the waters to rise, and the turbid flood swept with fearful velocity against the frail bridges. The Austrians also set adrift boats filled with stones, to break them down, and vast rafts, loaded with combustibles, to set the bridges on fire. Napoleon, aware that the salvation of the army depended upon the result of the hours then passing, was everywhere present, exposing himself freely to all the perils of the battle.

Night at length put an end to the conflict. Thousands of bivouac fires lighted up the scene with a wild and weird-like splendor, while the exhausted soldiers slept upon their arms amidst the dying and the dead. Napoleon devoted the whole night to urging forward the transportation of troops and ammunition. In the morning, 60,000 troops were marshalled around the emperor, with 144 pieces of artillery. But the Austrians had now 100,000 troops, with 300 pieces of artillery. A solid column of 20,000 infantry and six thousand horse now charged the centre of the enemy. With such reckless energy did the French troops rush to the onset, defiant of mutilation and death, that the foe were driven in utter rout over the plain, and the dragoons rode in among them, sabreing them without mercy. Shouts of vive l'Empereur rose from the victorious host, almost drowning the clangor of the battle.

But a small portion of the ammunition had been brought from the island, as it was not deemed safe to bring it over until there were men enough to defend it. In this moment of victory the appalling intelligence was brought to the Emperor that the flood had swept away the great bridge, carrying down upon its fragments a company of cuirassiers. These were indeed dreadful tidings. The one small bridge which remained was not sufficient for obtaining supplies or for effecting a retreat. Yet Napoleon manifested not the slightest alarm. No conceivable disaster could cause him, for a moment, to lose his self-possession. The Austrians now heard of the destruction of the bridge, and, with a shout of exultation they arrested their flight, and turned upon their pursuers. Just at that moment a cannon-ball struck General Lannes, one of Napoleon's most devoted friends, and took off both of his legs. The Emperor rushed to the litter, and, his eyes filled with tears, seized the hand of his dying friend. A few most touching words of affection were interchanged, when the Emperor turned again to the stern duties of the hour.

The conflict had now raged for thirty hours. Night was again approaching. Napoleon decided to retreat to Lobau, if Massena could by any possibility hold the village of Aspern to cover his retreat against the overwhelming odds. The aid, sent with the message, found the iron general seated upon a pile of smoldering ruins, his person singed with flame and blackened with smoke, and the dying and the dead all around him.

"Go tell the emperor," said this indomitable man, "that I will hold out two hours—six—twenty-four—so long as it is necessary for the safety of the army."

Batteries upon the island of Lobau swept the banks to keep the enemy at a respectful distance, and, at midnight, aided by the darkness and the exhaustion of the enemy, the retreat commenced. It was not till morning that the Austrians perceived the retrograde movement. Impetuously they commenced the assault. But Massena beat them back, resolving to be himself the very last man who should cross the bridge. The horses were driven into the river to swim across. Not a wounded man, not a cannon, not a wagon, not a musket was left to fall into the hands of the enemy. Then Massena stepped upon the bridge, and cut the cables which bound its end to the bank. The other end of the floating structure was bound to the island. The current swept it down till it reposed in its whole length along the island shore. The French were now safe, for a time, in their retreat. Thus terminated the renowned campaign of Aspern and Essling. During the long and desperate fight upon this bloody field, 26,000 Austrians and 15,000 Frenchmen perished.

"When fifteen hundred miles from Paris," said Napoleon to his generals, "maintaining war in the heart of a conquered monarchy, in its very capital, there is nothing, in an accident, to astound men of courage. We have no cause for discouragement. This will merely prolong our campaign two months."

AN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR JERUSHA.—"How shall you, a country girl, behave when you come to New York?" How lucky you applied to just the right person to tell you! Well, dear, if you are walking with a companion, and one of your own sex comes along whom you are desirous she should notice, give your friend a sudden and perceptible "nudge," at the same time designating, by an inclination of your head, the person whom you both wish to stare at. If the lady pass too quickly for your purpose, don't be discouraged, because it will be quite proper for you to follow and pass her, and then turning square round, so obstruct her power of locomotion as to carry out your design successfully. Or, if you prefer, you can follow her into a shop, and pushing into a seat beside her at the counter, pretend to examine the same goods she is looking at, all the while you are taking notes of her appearance. If you find the store too dark for this, you can stand sentry at the door till she is ready to come out, and obstruct her egress till your inventory is quite complete. Of course, the same rules apply to riding in an omnibus, or sitting in church, or concert, or opera, or wherever and whenever you feel a disposition to look anybody out of countenance, or edify them by your opinion of their dry goods, or make a running *audible* biographical sketch of themselves. If you are not quite certain of the material of any lady's dress, I assure you, from being once put through this scrutiny myself, that you may go up, although a perfect stranger, and taking a fold of it between your thumb and finger, remark—"Yes, it *is* silk," and pass on, without violating any rule of Gotham etiquette. In fact, you need be under no apprehension of doing an improper or impolite thing; for not even in your native Pig-town, where the men wear the same coat fifteen years, and the women own only two bonnets in a life-time, could there exist a greener curiosity, or a greener mode of expressing it. Here, as there, my dear, if you happen to live in a house that has three look-outs, you may run from the front window to the side window, and from thence to the back window, to find out all you want to know about a passing cloak, mantle, hat, dress, or bonnet, till its owner disappears from the range of your straining eyeballs.

If your cousin Obadiah thinks of accompanying you, tell him that the "gentlemen" in New York walk in Broadway three abreast, with lighted cigars in their mouths, leaving a long trail of choking incense for the benefit of the ladies who walk behind; although by going on the opposite side, they could not only avoid the "detestable long skirts" they are always foaming at the mouth about, but secure the blessing of every woman who goes out for a mouthful of fresh air. Also, tell Obadiah that if he is walking with a lighted cigar in his mouth *behind* any lady the back of whose bonnet pleases him, he can walk up as near her elbow as possible, and poke the smoking cigar under her bonnet, as her reward of merit for brightening the public promenade with her presence; or if he prefer, he can remove his cigar, and make a deposit of saliva at her feet, as an expression of his admiration. Also tell Obadiah that he can keep his hat on in presence of ladies in any public room, or in a store, if he desires. Also, that should he meet a lady whom he recognizes, he can keep his lazy hands in his coat-pockets, and just joggle his hat at her as he passes, by way of recognition. Also, if he is riding in a city car about dusk, and feels inclined to get up a hot political discussion with the passengers, in which he uses the letter *D* oftener and more vociferously than any other in the alphabet, accompanying it with violent gesticulation, he can do so; although tired ladies present may be terrified, and pull the strap to get out, far short of the point which they desired to reach by riding. Indeed, my dear Jerusha, neither you nor he need be under any apprehension on the score of good manners when you come to New York, for I assure you that the thing is quite obsolete, and in use—only among "nobodies."

FANNY FERN.

HOW BULLETS ARE MANUFACTURED.—On our eighth page will be found a very interesting account of the process of making musket balls and Minnié bullets in the United States' arsenals, written for the LEDGER by a gentleman who has been for many years connected with one of those institutions.

PRINCIPLE IN LITTLE THINGS.--Principle should always be unfolded, and especially in connection with little things; for if there be no principle in things which are *small*, sure we are there will be none in things which are *great*.

THE CALIPH AND THE CRIPPLE

AN ARABIAN TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The Caliph, BEN AKAS—whose surname was "Wise,
From the wisdom and wit he displayed,
One morning rode forth in a merchant's disguise
To see how his laws were obeyed.

While riding along, in a leisurely way,
A beggar came up to his side,
And said, "In the name of the Prophet, I pray
You'll give a poor cripple a ride."

Ben Akas, amazed at the mendicant's prayer,
Asked where he was wishing to go;
"I'm going," he said, "to the neighboring fair;
But my crutches are wretchedly slow."

"Get up!" said the Caliph,—"a saddle like this
Is hardly sufficient for two;
And yet, by the Prophet!—'twere greatly amiss
To snub a poor cripple like you!"

The beggar got up, and together they rode
Till they came to the neighboring town,
When—hard by the house where the *Cadi* abode,
He bade his companion get down.

"Nay, get down *yourself!*" was the fellow's reply,
Without the least shame or remorse;
"Indeed!" said the Caliph, "and pray tell me why?"
Quoth the beggar, "To give me the horse!

"You know very well that the nag is my own;
And if you resort to the laws,
You do not imagine your story alone
Sufficient to carry the cause?

"The Cadi is reckoned the wisest of men,
And, looking at you and at me,
After hearing us both, 'tis an hundred to ten
The cripple will get the decree."

"Very well!" said Ben Akas—astonished to hear
The impudent fellow's discourse—
"If the Cadi is wise, there is little to fear
But I soon shall recover my horse."

"Agreed!" said the beggar—"whate'er the decree,
The verdict shall find me content;"
"As to that," said the other, "we'll presently see;"
And so to the Cadi they went.

It chanced that a cause was engrossing the Cadi,
Where a woman occasioned the strife;
And both parties claimed the identical lady
As being his own lawful wife.

The one was a peasant; a scholar the other;
And each made a speech in his turn;
But—what was a very particular bother—
The woman refused to be sworn.

"Enough for the present!" the Cadi declared,
"Come back in the morning," said he;
"And now (to Ben Akas) the Court is prepared
To hear what your grievance may be!"

Ben Akas no sooner the truth had narrated,
When the beggar as coolly replies,
"I swear, by the Prophet! the fellow has stated
A parcel of impudent lies!

"I was coming to market, and when I descried
A man by the wayside alone,
Looking weary and faint—why, I gave him a ride;
Now he swears that the horse is his own!"

"Very well," said the Judge, "let us go the stable,
And each shall select in his turn;"
Ben Akas went first, and was easily able
His favorite steed to discern.

The cripple went next; though the stable was full,
The true one was instantly shown;
"Your Honor," said he, "did you think me so dull
That I couldn't distinguish my own?"

Next morning the Cadi came into the court,
And sat himself down at his ease;
And thither the suitors and people resort
To list to the Judge's decrees.

First calling the Scholar, who sued for his spouse,
His Honor thus settled the doubt:—
"The woman is yours; take her home to your house,
And don't let her often go out."

Then calling before him Ben Akas,—whose cause
Stood next in the calendar's course—
He said:—"By the Prophet's inflexible laws,
Let the merchant recover his horse!

"And as for the beggar, I further decide
His villainy fairly has earned
A good hundred lashes well laid on his hide;
Meshallah! The court is adjourned!"

Ben Akas that night sought the Cadi's abode,
And said, "'Tis the CALIPH you see!
Though hither, indeed, as a merchant I rode,
I am ABOU BEN AKAS to thee!"

The Cadi, abashed, made the lowest of bows,
And, kissing his majesty's hand,
Cried, "Great is the honor you do to my house;
I wait for your royal command!"

"I fain would possess," was the Caliph's reply,
"Your wisdom; so tell me, I pray,
How your Honor discovered where justice might lie
In the causes decided to-day."

"Why, as to the woman," the Cadi replied,
"It was easily settled, I think;
Just taking the lady a moment, aside,
I said, 'Fill my standish with ink.'

"And quick, at the order, the bottle was taken,
With a dainty and dexterous hold;
The standish was washed; the fluid was shaken;
New cotton put in for the old—"

"I see!" said the Caliph; "The story is pleasant;
Of course it was easy to tell
The Scholar swore truly—the spouse of a peasant
Could never have done it so well.

And now for the horse?" "That was harder, I own,
For, mark you, the beggarly elf
(However the rascal may chance to have known)
Knew the palfrey as well as yourself!

"But the truth was apparent, the moment I learned
What the animal thought of the two;
The impudent cripple he savagely spurned,
But was plainly delighted with you!"

Ben Akas sat musing and silent awhile,
As one whom devotion employs;
Then raising his head with a heavenly smile,
He said, in a reverent voice:—

"Sure, Allah is good and abundant in grace!
Thy wisdom is greater than mine;
I would that the Caliph might rule in his place
As well as thou servest in thine!"

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

What has become of the old-fashioned teaching of sewing, in schools for girls? How many young girls in New York could either make or mend a garment of any sort decently? We have plenty of French and drawing lessons; these are very well in their place, but do the young ladies who pride themselves on these accomplishments *own a thimble?* or—owning a gold one perhaps, in a rosewood work-box, do they know how to use it? Could they make a button hole, or sew on a missing hook and eye, or darn a stocking, in case of an emergency? Or are they as utterly helpless in this regard as if they never might happen to be the wives of men who had *not* the riches of Crœsus, or be the mothers of little girls, whom in after years they would be sorry not to be able properly to instruct in this old-fashioned branch of knowledge. For one I deplore that Fashion has so utterly banished it from our female schools; it is a disgrace to any American girl or woman not to be independent, *if necessary*, of any assistance in the way of plain sewing. Mothers, of course, are more to blame than teachers; for the latter generally teach what is required by those who entrust children to their care. Alas for the good old dame who used to inspect seams and button holes so remorselessly, that every graduate was dismissed perfect in all these particulars, so essential to the comfort of a family. No woman, when she is married, can say, that she can always command the assistance necessary for this department of labor. Is not the subject at least worth a thought from the "accomplished" mothers of the present day, with regard to their pretty but *useless* daughters.

FANNY FERN.

THE BANNER-STARS.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

The Stars! the Stars! In chorus
My Country shout amain;
Our Banner-stars shall o'er us
Their splendor still maintain.
Hail THIRTY-FOUR!
That evermore
In radiance shall reign!

Once o'er our land of sorrow
A fierce invader trod,
While darker seemed each morrow,
And heavier the rod;
When lo, serene,
The bright THIRTEEN
Amid the stars of God

The hues of sunset streaming,
In ruddy lines and light,
Blent with the stellar beaming,
A prophecy of might!
And tyrants knew
The omen true,
The stars, the red and white.

A Continent for freedom!
Old nations heard the fame;
Dead as the dust of Edom,
Forth at the sign they came;
Came rushing far
Where stripe and star
Shone with a living flame.

Then Industry came sweeping
The forest, field, and sea,
The lake, the prairie, sleeping
Where empires were to be!
Till many a star
Emblazoned far
The Banner of the free!

Lo, now, from hill to ocean
In multitudes they stand;
Homes, temples of devotion,
The castles of command;
While millions throng
O'er all our strong,
Unconquerable land!

Great land of love and beauty,
Art, poetry and mirth,
Religion, truth and duty,
Equality and worth:
The hope, the rest
For the oppressed;
The Morning-star of Earth!

Our Flag! Shall traitors sever
The starry circlet now?
No! It shall bind forever
One fair immortal brow.
Foul Treason flee!
One People we,
In one eternal vow!

Yea, by our Union's Token,
By all our Sires on high,
Whoe'er this Oath hath broken,
It is his doom to die!
With none to love,
Nor hope above,
Nor pity's passing sigh.

The Stars! the Stars! In chorus
My Country shout amain;
Our Banner-stars shall o'er us
Their splendor still maintain!
Hail THIRTY-FOUR!
That evermore
In radiance shall reign.

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER XII.

"Great minds are easy in prosperity, and quiet in adversity."

After partaking of some refreshment and indulging in a few hours repose, Elvira felt herself invigorated, so that when Vasco Peres came, later in the day, he found her in better spirits than he could have expected.

When Vasco presented himself, Elvira blushed and became slightly agitated; but this lasted scarcely a moment, and she soon regained her composure. Not so Vasco; ever since his sister's visit to the prison, his thoughts had continually dwelt upon the latter part of their conversation. At times he was sanguine; then again he would doubt of that which Violante's words had been calculated to convey to his mind, and he would endeavor to draw his thoughts into another channel; but they never failed returning to the object that filled his heart. Thus had he spent the hours, wavering between hope and despair. It is not therefore surprising that he should give signs of confusion on finding himself in the presence of the lovely being that had engrossed his whole mind since their last meeting; and Elvira failed not to notice a degree of embarrassment in his demeanor, which she had never perceived before. The lady of Runa was the first to speak.

"Can you forgive me, my friend?" said she, extending her hand, which he pressed to his lips.

"Forgive you!" echoed Vasco, "wherefore these words, lady?"

"For being the unwilling cause of all your misfortunes."

"O, senhora! speak not thus," replied Vasco, earnestly; "we can none of us control our fate. Yet I believe not in fatality or unavoidable destiny; we are rather like the ball, the course of which is directed by the thumps or the kicks of those that take a share in the game, modified in a degree by its own elasticity. You had no direct part in bringing about what has befallen me; we have both suffered from the wickedness of one and the same man. I would readily give up more than I once possessed, could I thereby give you back what you have lost."

"You know, then, how I stand? the starless night that stares me in the face?"

"Alas! I know all, frei Lopo, who prevailed upon the abbot to let me go at large, informed me that you must entertatain no hopes of being repossessed of your estates."

"And what think you of this, Vasco Peres?"

"In truth it passes my skill. The monk himself is an enigma; he would not allow me to upbraid the king, while giving unmistakable signs of compassion on your account."

"The interest he takes in your affairs is no less manifest. I rejoice at least that there is some prospect for you."

"If the promise be ever realized, you, lady, shall command all that I may come to possess."

"You have a noble soul, Vasco Peres; it might serve as a fair pattern to many who lay claim to higher worth," said Elvira, with emotion. "Meanwhile, my friend, we are neither one of us better off than the other; both turned adrift upon the wide world without a *real* to boast of—and your sweet sister here!"

"O, senhora!" said Violante, with moistened eyes, "this is of little consequence to us; you are the one that deserves most commiseration."

"Yes, senhora," added Vasco, with warmth, "my sister says well. We lose but little; we were born to the hardships of life. But that your unmerited fall should be so sudden and so great, is most infamous in those who have had a hand in it, frei Lopo may say what he pleases. But hear me, noble lady, while Vasco Peres lives you shall never know want. These arms were made to labor, and I am too well known to fail in finding work. If I cannot offer you a palace and the comforts you were used to enjoy at Alcôa and Runa, I may at least promise you shelter and nourishment till better times come round."

"In sooth, I have been nought but a burden to you of late," said Elvira; "the ebb of my prosperity has dragged you and your sister along, even to ruin; and I fear me that my ill-starred presence will bring no flood——"

"Would you then despise the humble invitation I make bold to tender to you?" said Vasco, as if pained, and breaking in upon the lady's speech.

"Despise! my kind friend."

"You accept then? Have no scruples, lady; you and Violante shall have a house to yourselves; my earnings, I trust, will be sufficient to furnish you with the necessary comforts of life."

"Nay, since you insist, we two women cannot well inhabit a lonely house. Would you then leave us without protection?" replied Elvira with a playful smile.

"As you will, senhora; I shall be content to guard you from harm at night, like a faithful watch-dog."

"And prove a companion also, at times, that the hours may not hang too heavily," added Elvira in the same tone as before.

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" cried Violante, leaping for joy. "Vasco, it behooves thee to seek an abode at once. Perhaps that wicked Dom Garcia would sell us the house we once called our's; what can he want with it? and for the matter of money, thou couldst easily loan it; for, Heaven be praised! Vasco Peres bears a good name."

"For the next few days, the Senhora Dona Elvira will, I hope, consent to abide in her present lodging; as it would be very difficult for me to attend to any other arrangements for the present."

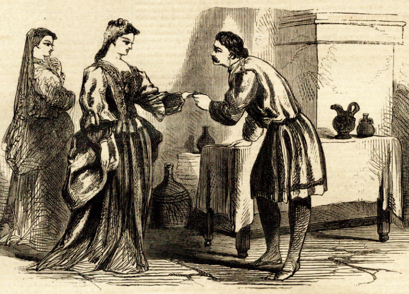
"Wherefore?" asked Violante.

"Because there is but little time left me to make certain necessary preparations to be off tomorrow."

"Whither go you, then?" enquired both females in one voice.

"There is business of importance which calls me away for a day or two; but you will be well cared for during my absence."

"Is it then a secret which must not be told?" asked Elvira.



VASCO PERES AND THE LADY OF RUNA.

"Bear with me, noble lady; I dare say no more for the time being, save that you will know all hereafter."

"Canst thou think of leaving us at such a time, when a battle is hourly expected, and the whole place may ere long be at the mercy of an unruly soldiery?" said Violante, reproachfully.

"It must needs be so, Violante; there is no alternative," replied Vasco; "but credit me, you need have no alarm. At the first sign of danger, you will be admitted into yonder monastery; what better refuge? Where could you be safer than within its sacred precincts?"

This answer reassured the lady of Runa and the cooper's sister, and a few minutes afterwards Vasco withdrew for a while, leaving them both greatly perplexed, and their curiosity somewhat excited respecting the motive of his intended departure from Alcobaça.

About dusk, Elvira, Violante, Vasco Peres, Braz Martinz and his wife were all seated outside the door of the cot, enjoying the coolness of the evening breeze. The former was now quite recovered from her late fatigue and agitation, having regained her wonted cheerfulness. On beholding the smiling expression of her face, none but those who knew the facts would have believed all that might have been told of the affliction that had overtaken her so recently.

"That which is beyond the scope of my comprehension, is to see the senhora support her trouble with so much resignation; to see her smile, where others might well be held excused for weeping; to hear her speak in gentle tones, when many in her place would breathe curses, and call on Heaven to mend their fortunes or revenge the evil done them. An angel could do no more," said the honest Braz Martinz, whose prejudices against nobles were never shown or even felt in the presence of the gentle-hearted lady of Runa.

"Knowest thou not, Braz," remarked Vasco, "that it is only given to such as possess genuine greatness and excellence to manifest fortitude and equanimity under misfortune? Knowing the soul that breathes in the noble lady Dona Elvira, we should not marvel how it is she shows more courage than most men similarly situated could boast of."

"Nay, you would laud me beyond what my poor deserts might justify," said the lady of Runa, with a blithe smile; after all, the sweetest joys of man are not found in wealth, for they cannot be purchased. Peace of mind exists by the knowledge that we harbor no evil—that we live for others as well as for ourselves. Bodily enjoyment and comfort are but habits; the body craves but little to be at ease, and that little is within the reach of all. Do I not take in the pure air of Heaven, or may I not gaze upon the bright stars above, as well sitting here, as in the bowers of Runa or Alcôa? What matters it that my fare be a trifle homelier? will I lack health thereby? nay, is it not like to keep my blood in a better state? Believe me, my good friends, we are all from the same mould. The palate soon adapts itself to changes—life is made up of changes—and our limbs soon feel as grateful to a wooden stool or a straw pallet, as they once did to soft cushions or a bed of down."

Perhaps Elvira was not yet thoroughly convinced herself of the truth of all her assertions, but with that delicate tact and true amiability and kindliness which distinguish the really noble mind, she was desirous of appearing contented and happy among her humble but generous friends, nor were the latter blind to the motives that actuated her.

"The thought," continued she, "which troubles me the most, is that I should become a burden to the only friends I have found in my distress."

"Senhora, it grieves us to hear you talk thus," said they all in a voice.

"But, my good friends, I know full well that it is no slight matter for such as earn their bread by honest labor to tender hospitality."

"*Virgem Santissima!*" exclaimed Porquéria, "there are none here but Braz and myself; we have no children; did we not see you, we should not feel your presence, and the sight of you is a joy for our home, dearest lady."

"This joy will be yours only for a short time, for if I live I mean to take upon myself the care of seeing to the lady's comfort. I have been robbed of all I had, but that all was the fruit of my own exertions. I am not like the tall, lank pine-tree, but rather like the oak, which, when shorn of its spreading branches, sprouts forth anew. What little pith and vigor I may boast of will increase tenfold."

While Vasco was speaking thus, in an earnest tone, a figure was seen advancing through the evening twilight. He approached with slow steps, leaning upon a staff, and in a few minutes he was near enough for the inmates of the cot to discover, by his garb, that he was a pilgrim. At that season the roads were always frequented by hundreds of pilgrims, going to or returning from different shrines.

"Good even to you, friends," said he, accosting the group; "might the poor pilgrim crave a shelter for the night, and a mite of food to refresh him from the long journey?"

The pilgrim's cloak, and the long, bushy gray beard which completely shrouded his features, were all covered with dust. Though apparently past middle age, the man still seemed to possess great vigor, and his frame was of a powerful build.

"For thy blessing, good pilgrim, thou shalt have what my house can offer," replied Braz, rising, and offering a seat to the stranger; "be seated till the good woman prepare you wherewith to break your fast. I dare swear you come from Compostella?"

"You are right, my kind host, for I see you are the master of this house," rejoined the pilgrim; "I come from the shrine of the holy apostle Santiago, where I passed his festival and staid a week in fulfillment of my vow, and finally left there on the first of this month. 'Tis a long journey to make on foot, nor am I at the end of it, for Santarem is my home."

"Ay, 'tis a three days' walk hence," said Braz.

"As you come from the north, I dare say you passed near the camp of the king of Castile?" asked Vasco.

"True; I spent the whole of yesterday at Leiria, to rest myself," replied the pilgrim.

"And what tidings do you bring?" continued Vasco.

"None of much consequence; one like myself is out of place in the midst of armed men; my thoughts were more with God than with the doings of a camp."

"Yet the cause of our independence being a holy one, should have tempted you to have made a surcease of prayer whilst there, and have kept your eyes and ears open for the advantage of our king and country," said Vasco Peres.

"Indeed I had lent a willing mind to the task, but found no opportunity. I observed, however, that the troops are numerous, and many of the knights our countrymen."

"Nay, whatever they were once, we should claim no kith or kin with such as have forsworn the land of their birth. But in truth, good pilgrim, your news will startle no one; this was known before," rejoined Vasco.

Porquéria made her appearance at the door, inviting the pilgrim to come in and eat, whereupon the conversation dropped.

Some two or three hours later, Elvira and Violante retired to the chamber which had been prepared for them, being the one to the left of the entrance. The opposite one was occupied by Braz and his wife, while Vasco was to sleep in the back room next to the kitchen, which had to be crossed in order to reach the former.

"Thou shalt share my bed, pilgrim," said our hero.

"Nay, I would fain make no disturbance to my kind hosts; I will rest my limbs on this chest. I have often had worse quarters, and the chilly night air to fan me," replied the pilgrim.

"So have I," rejoined Vasco; "but it is no less ill-advised to refuse accommodation when it can be had, than to complain of the straits we are sometimes put to by necessity."

"Good friend, I had rather remain where I am; the night is warm—too warm for a close berth."

But Vasco would not hear of it; and when the pilgrim found that his objections were of no avail, Vasco thought he perceived a discontented look glisten from the man's eyes, but thought nothing of the circumstance at that time.

Before going to bed, Braz barred the outer door with a large, heavy piece of timber, for it had no lock, nor was there any on the inner doors, which were all kept-to by a simple latch.

Vasco now conducted the pilgrim to his room. After both had knelt in prayer for a while, the cooper merely cast off his outer garments, and threw himself upon the bed, inviting his companion to do the same.

"You will find that cloak of yours too warm; you had better take it off," said Vasco, perceiving that his bed-fellow was about to lie down all dressed.

"Nay, I will sleep as I am," replied the latter.

"But did you not complain of the heat just now?" remarked the young man.

"Ay; but my vow does not consent that I should cast off a particle of clothing ere I reach home."

This put a stop to all discussion, and Vasco, leaving the other to act as he pleased, turned round and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

"God in his tongue and the devil in his heart."

While Vasco Peres slept, his mind was agitated by a distressing dream. He thought the pilgrim was lying upon the large chest in the outer room; suddenly his eyes assumed a fiery red, and glowed like two carbuncles, conveying the idea of a demoniacal smile; though this was indistinct by reason of the other parts of the man's countenance being concealed beneath his thick beard. While Vasco gazed on him, the latter vanished; but reappeared the next moment, bearing the sleeping form of Elvira in his arms. It was the pilgrim in all except the face; the beard was gone, and the features of the infamous lord of Valverde stood revealed. The cooper made an effort to spring out of bed, but in vain; it seemed to him as if he were retained by bonds of iron. He tried to scream; but his voice was powerless. He saw Cabreira look down into the face of the unconscious damsel with a smile of mingled love and exultation, and then proceed to unbar the outer door: it moved on its hinges: the agony of Vasco Peres was intense, something beyond description. Making a supreme effort, he sprang up.

"Hold, demon of wickedness!" cried he, stretching forth his hand.

The eyes of the dreamer opened; his gripe was upon the arm of the votary of Santiago, who stood struggling beside the bed.

"What ails you?" cried the latter, in a voice trembling with fear.

"Who art thou?—Ah, the pilgrim, not——" Vasco checked himself, as his mind became more collected, and then added, in a fierce tone: "Why art thou risen? why not in bed?"

"Methinks your exclamation was loud enough to startle ten thousand devils from their sleep. You awoke me; and I jumped up, scarce knowing where I was," replied the pilgrim with assurance, and now ceasing his endeavors to free himself.

"Ay, I see; it was a dream. I was raving in my sleep," rejoined Vasco, relaxing his grasp. "Come, get into bed again; I crave your pardon, good friend, for thus breaking in upon your repose, and handling you so roughly; I knew not what I was about."

The pilgrim laid himself down, asking his companion what he had been dreaming about; but, instead of satisfying his curiosity, Vasco treated the matter lightly, as one not worth talking about, and concluded by saying that he was sleepy,—inviting his bed-fellow to defer all further conversation till morning. The truth is, that the pilgrim's explanation had by no means convinced Vasco that all was right; for upon reflection, he conceived that his exclamation, his sudden rising up in bed, and the act of seizing the pilgrim, must have been simultaneous; hence he concluded that the latter was already upon his feet before being startled. It occurred to him, indeed, that he might have given signs of distress or agitation for some time before starting up, which would have roused his companion; but the tenor of his dream impressed him deeply, and excited in his mind vague suspicions with regard to the pilgrim. This induced Vasco to remain awake while pretending sleep, in order the better to discover whether his fears had any good foundation. The pilgrim soon gave signs of being asleep, and Vasco did the same.

In about an hour, more or less, the cooper felt his bed-fellow move, then saw him bend over and peer into his face, as if to make sure that he, Vasco, was not merely dozing. After apparently satisfying himself of this, the pilgrim got gently out of bed, moving away on tip-toe; and Vasco, by means of a few faint rays that made their way to the kitchen, saw a dark figure pass through the door which led into the outer room. It was now time to act: so, rising with all speed, but taking every precaution not to make a noise, Vasco glided softly up to the door just mentioned. The outer room was dimly lighted by the small opening, described in a former chapter, the shutter of which had been left unclosed to admit the fresh air; so that Vasco was able to watch the movements of the pilgrim. The latter was in the act of unbarring the outer door with the utmost caution, as if he intended to leave the house without giving notice; but this was so improbable, that our hero determined to remain quiet until he discovered what might be the true aim of these suspicious movements. After removing the bar, and leaving the door wide open, the pilgrim turned round, and, casting a hurried glance athwart the room, advanced immediately towards the room in which Elvira and Violante were sleeping. As he raised the latch with his left hand, with his right he drew from beneath his cloak a long, sharp-pointed blade.

With a bound such as the tiger makes upon unwary prey, Vasco distanced the whole space that separated him from the would-be assassin; and the act was so sudden and unexpected that the fellow found himself sprawling on the floor, with the knife wrested from his grasp, ere he well knew in what manner to account for it.

"Ah, villain! ah, wolf in sheep's clothing!" exclaimed Vasco, flinging the knife on one side, and exerting his whole strength to pin the fellow to the floor, while the latter struggled desperately to disengage himself from the tenacious gripe of his powerful antagonist.

"Braz Martinz! Braz Martinz, to the rescue!" shouted the cooper at the highest pitch of his voice.

The words were scarce passed his lips, ere Braz appeared on one side and Violante on the other.

"Bring a strong cord, Braz; be quick, man, else the miscreant will escape us," said Vasco hurriedly. "Bar the door as quickly as possible, Violante," continued he, addressing his sister, "and tell Porquéria to strike a light."

Both obeyed without a moment's hesitation, guessing, at a glance, how matters stood.

"How is this, sir pilgrim?" said Braz tauntingly, as he hastened to bind the fellow's hands behind his back, while Vasco held them fast, despite his violent efforts to free himself; "are these the pranks thou has learnt at Compostella? Did he attempt thy life, Vasco?" continued Braz, catching sight of the knife that lay on the ground.

"Nay, one far more precious; but of this anon; let's first make the rascal fast, till he can no more stir himself than the staves in a new vat," replied Vasco.

"Be not deceived by appearances, masters," said the pilgrim in a piteous tone, while ceasing to offer further resistance; "I meant no harm; nor was I conscious of what I was doing. I often walk in my sleep."

"And carry weapons hid under thy frock," added Vasco.

"The roads are dangerous now-a-days; even the pious are not safe," rejoined the other.

"We'll soon settle this question, sir villain," replied our hero.

By this time all the inmates of the cot, including Elvira, were witnesses of the scene, and the prisoner was secured beyond any chance of escape. Porquéria had just come into the room bearing a light in her hand.

"See, his beard stands out like the shaggy tail of a fox when on the run!" exclaimed Braz, wresting the displaced appendage from the face of the false pilgrim, and revealing the ferocious features of a man of about forty years of age.

"Lorenço Matante!" exclaimed Vasco and Braz in one voice.

This was a well known character, a resident of the neighboring village of Turquel. He was a ruffian immersed in every crime, and more than suspected as the author of several murders, whence was derived the nickname of *matante*, by which he was distinguished. It was reported that he had heretofore escaped the clutches of the law, not so much for the want of sufficient proofs to bring his guilt home to him, as because it had been found impossible to procure witnesses to depose against him, on account of the vengeance which they had been taught to fear at the hands of others of the same stamp that were in league with the villain.

"Wretch, thou art unmasked, at length!" said Vasco Peres; "this shall be the last of thy exploits: this time, there is no loophole whereby thou canst elude justice; thou shalt pay for all thy past enormities. Who set thee on to do this deed?"

But now that he was discovered, Lorenço changed his manner, preserving a sullen silence; not a word could be drawn from him in reply to the inquiries made by those present.

When Elvira learnt all that had occurred, including Vasco's dream, her gratitude was unbounded.

"This makes the third time you have come to my rescue, Vasco; once you saved me from shame, and twice have you snatched me from death. In truth, it seems as if Heaven destined you to watch over me, and guard me against the snares that surround me on all sides for the last few days. This is now quite manifest; for, if hitherto mere chance seemed to favor me, the divine will alone can have brought about this hair breadth escape, and God's intervention in the present case is beyond a doubt. But for thy dream, sent in my behalf by the Almighty, I, and most probably thy sister, had ere this been corpses. O! that I were now what I was only yesterday, I——"

Elvira checked herself suddenly, and hastily withdrew, in order to conceal the tears which were beginning to chase themselves down her cheeks; and Violante followed the lady of Runa into their chamber.

Some three or four hours must run by, ere day would break, during which time, the two coopers kept a strict watch over their prisoner. They questioned him repeatedly, not only in order to ascertain what motive had induced him to embark on so wicked an enterprize, but also to discover whether his object had really been the murder of Elvira or of Violante; but all to no purpose, for Lorenço could not be prevailed upon to give them the slightest information. Vasco was, however, thoroughly convinced that the blow had been intended for the lady of Runa, and suspected that the instigator was no other than the lord of Valverde. He knew, moreover, that once the man was lodged in prison there was a sure means of compelling him to confess all and every circumstance connected with his murderous design; and therefore, perceiving the fellow's obstinate determination, he no longer troubled himself by making useless questions, but impatiently waited for the morning. As soon as the first rays began to brighten the sky, Porquéria was dispatched to summon the magistrate, who, accompanied by one or two attendants, appeared soon afterwards, and, on being informed of the facts, took the prisoner into custody Vasco then went over to the monastery in quest of frei Lopo, in order to acquaint him with the night's adventure.

Peres did not return to the house of Braz Martinz, but about half an hour after his departure therefrom, frei Lopo came and insisted upon the advantage of Dona Elvira's removal to the convent. He said that he had obtained the abbot's permission to place at her disposal a couple of rooms at the extremity of the left wing, where a large number of apartments were reserved for the exclusive accommodation of the royal family and their suite, whenever they chanced to visit Alcobaça. Elvira was not in the least disposed to reject a proposal which secured to her a lodging at once safe and comfortable, where she would be in less danger than even in her own mansion, were this still in her possession; so, after warmly thanking Braz and his wife for the hospitable treatment she had experienced at their hands, she and Violante accompanied the monk to their new abode.

A couple of hours subsequent to the imprisonment of Lourenço Matante, the latter was led rom his dungeon into a room the aspect of which was scarcely less sombre, and still more calculated to inspire dread.

At one end was a large table, at which were seated a judge, frei Lopo and a scribe, while at a little distance stood two men, whose duty it was to obey the judge in the application of the instruments of torture, which were seen around the apartment.

"What is thy name?" asked the judge, as soon as the prisoner was produced.

"Lorenço Simões," replied the latter, omitting the epithet commonly affixed to his name.

"Lorenço Simões, art thou willing to answer truthfully each and every question put thee, or hadst thou rather make a nearer acquaintance with some of these ornaments?" asked the judge, pointing significantly at the dire objects that stood about.

The prisoner did not reply immediately; he surveyed the instruments, and while doing so a ghastly pallor came over his face, his limbs trembled violently, and his eyes betokened excess of terror. At length he said, in a troubled voice:

"Nay, you would only waste your time, without obtaining more from me than I am now prepared to impart. I promise you I'll disclose all I know, only keep me from those ugly things."

"What was thy purpose last night?"

"To slay Dona Elvira Forjaz first, and then, if I had succeeded in doing so without disturbing any one in the house, I would have stabbed Vasco Peres."

"And why didst thou not make the attempt on Vasco while he was asleep?" asked frei Lopo.

"Because it was not certain that instant death would have followed the blow; and by rousing others, Dona Elvira would have escaped."

"Her death was, then, more important in thy eyes?"

"Precisely."

"And why so?"

"Because such was the instruction I received; I was to make sure of the lady at all hazards."

"Hence it appears thou wert set on to do this deed?"

"Aye, I was paid for it," replied the hardened villain.

"By whom?"

"I know not."

"How, thou knowest not! Beware how thou triflest with the law," said the judge, in a menacing tone.

"I repeat, I know not; and by all the saints, I swear I speak nothing but the truth. He who employed me on this business was a stranger to me."

"What sort of person was he?"

"By his dress, he seemed to be one of the people; and he wore such a long, thick beard that it would be impossible for me to describe his face otherwise."

"Hast thou ever seen Dom Garcia de Cabreira?" asked frei Lopo.

"Often; he is of these parts."

"Did the man who bargained with thee resemble him in any respect?" continued the monk.

"Good Heavens! you would not suspect?" exclaimed the judge.

"I did not say I suspected any one; it is a simple question I ask," replied the monk, phlegmatically. "Answer me, prisoner."

"The man who spoke to me," replied Lorenço, "had no resemblance whatever with Dom Garcia; he was much shorter, and altogether of a different shape."

"How much did he give thee?" asked frei Lopo.

"Ten doubloons, with the promise of a like sum if I proved successful."

"And when and where wert thou to receive it?"

"I was to have met him an hour after midnight by the cross near the ford; he agreed to wait an hour for me in case I were not punctual. So you see you would not find him there now."

Frei Lopo paused in his interrogatories, and for some minutes appeared to reflect.

"Have you any more inquiries to make, reverend sir? or, if you think the prisoner knows more than ho has confessed, we can have him put to the question?" suggested the judge.

"Nay, I deem it needless; you may remand him," replied the monk; and Lorenço was taken back to prison.

The foregoing was not a regular trial, as will have been perceived, but merely a private examination. The judge, who was subject to the jurisdiction of the monastery, had been directed by the abbot to proceed in this informal way, in order to elicit certain information of an important nature, which admitted of no delay; and frei Lopo had been deputed by his superior to take part in the examination. This is the reason why we saw the judge leave the direction of the case in the hands of the monk. The latter, who had received from Vasco a detailed account of all that had occurred at the house of Braz Martinz since the arrival there of the false pilgrim, was convinced that the Lord of Valverde was at the bottom of the whole business; but, knowing something of the man, he thought it likely that he had taken precautions against detection; and hence he was inclined to believe the prisoner's account, concluding that he would not further the object he had in view by having Lorenço subjected to torture.

* * * * * * * * *

A little while after Lorenço's imprisonment, and just before the troops took their departure from the castle, Fernão Rodrigues repaired to Cabreira's apartment.

"How now, Fernão; is Dona Elvira Forjaz gathered to her fathers?" asked Valverde, eagerly.

"It grieves me to say no."

"Out upon thee, knave; didst thou not guaranty success?" exclaimed Cabreira, in a fierce tone.

"I am but a man, senhor; my agent was likewise of our species, and you know it is given alone to the divine or infernal powers to be infallible."

"I want none of thy philosophy, man; tell me at once what thou hast to say, and let me know the worst."

"Then, in short, our enterprise has miscarried. I was to have met the fellow I employed an hour after midnight, and to wait no longer than one hour for him, whereas I tarried at the appointed spot more than two; but he came not."

"Perhaps he played false."

"I suspected as much, till this very moment I ascertained that an attempt was made last night to murder Dona Elvira, which not only failed, leaving her unscathed, but the clumsy clown has, moreover, allowed himself to be caught, and is now lodged in jail."

"Can he betray either of us?" asked Cabreira, with the greatest anxiety, while turning pale.

"Have not the remotest fear of that. Your name was not mentioned; and I was not fool enough to give him the least chance of guessing who I was, or of ever being able to identify me. But, with your leave, I will say that if you would deal honestly by the man, some means should be devised to get him out of the scrape."

"Wherefore?"

"Because, fearing that, if the adventure came off ill, the fellow, in order to save his own skin, might be induced to lead those who foiled him to the place where I was waiting for him, thus placing me in jeopardy, I promised that, in case he were caught, on condition of his remaining silent till dawn, sure means would be employed to get him out of the clutches of the jailer, and that to the boot of that he should receive the extra fee promised in case of success; moreover, in view of convincing him that it would be easy to procure his release, I told him that I was myself only the emissary of a very powerful personage, which he readily believed in consequence of the large reward given him for his services. I see the knave has been as good as his word; think you not it were but just to act in the same spirit?"

"Pshaw! he merits the gallows for the little skill he displayed. Thou didst pitch on a poor tool, Fernão. Nay, let the law take its course; were I to interfere in his behalf, it would instantly cast suspicion upon me. And now that the estates of Runa are lost to me beyond recall, my fate is linked inseparably with Juan of Castile; let his star rise, and there is yet a brilliant future in store for me."

A few minutes later the lord of Valverde and his troops proceeded on their destination for the field of Aljubarrota.

CHAPTER XIV.

Those who tread by-paths are never free from sudden frights.

There lies a vast plain commencing near Leiria, stretching southward to beyond Alcobaça, and extending from the coast for several leagues to the base of the mountain chains that run, for the most part, north and south. It was at a point in this plain, intersected by the high road leading from Leiria to Lisbon, between the town of Porto-de-Moz, to the east, and the village of Aljubarrota, to the west, but nearer the latter, that the king of Portugal had determined to post himself and offer battle to the invader; notwithstanding the advice to the contrary of several of his captains, who, seeing the great inferiority of their own force, opined that they were not in a condition of facing the enemy. The king had adopted the plan propounded and upheld by the constable, Nuno Alvares Pereira, who, though only just turned twenty-five years of age, had displayed abilities of so uncommon an order as to warrant his elevation to the highest military post in the kingdom.

It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the fourteenth of August—the same morning which witnessed the incidents related in the last chapter. The Portuguese army was drawn up in battle array across the above mentioned road, with its front towards the north, whence the enemy was expected. It mustered so few in number, scarcely amounting to 6,500 fighting men as to admit only of two single lines being formed, besides the wings, and as the tactics of that time differed essentially from those in vogue at later periods, and the subject may prove interesting to the military reader, I will give a few details, showing the disposition of the forces.

The van consisted of 600 lances, drawn up in one line, each knight being cased in a complete suit of armor, and, besides the lance, provided with a short broad-sword and battle-axe; this body was in command of the constable, who stood in front, surrounded by a body-guard of squires, with his banner unfurled. A short distance from either extremity of this line, and a little in advance of it, was stationed a wing of the army, composed of 200 lances each, and immediately behind these wings was a larger body made up of crossbowmen, besides other infantry armed with darts or javelins, slings, etc. The rear was some distance behind the van, numbering 700 lances, also formed in one line, the two ends of which described a curve inwards towards the extremities of the vanguard. This division of the army was commanded by the king in person, attended by a numerous body-guard, whose station was marked by the royal ensign, now scarcely agitated, so still was the air. Close behind the rear were assembled all the pages, servants, and such other persons as were to take no active part in the engagement, besides the baggage, carts, beasts of burden and the horses of the knights, for it had been resolved, at the constable's suggestion, that every one should fight on foot. This camp retinue was surrounded and defended by the bulk of the infantry.

The right wing was entirely composed of Portuguese under the direction of Mem Rodrigues de Vasconcellos and his brother, Ruy Mendes. Something like a third part of the left wing consisted of foreigners, among whom were a few English archers; Antão Vasques, a brave knight and experienced captain, had the command of these, whilst the remainder, and greater part of this wing, being composed of the same force we saw occupying the castle of Alcobaça, obeyed the orders of Dom Garcia de Cabreira, who now stood at their head. The *coudel* Fernão Rodrigues, with his company of crossbowmen, was stationed a little in the rear of Cabreira's knights and squires.

The troops had been standing in this position for the last two hours, during which time their attention had been taken up with the harangues which the king and the constable addressed to them, and with the ceremony of dubbing sixty knights, which Dom João had performed. The primate Dom Lourenço, archbishop of Braga, armed at all points, and preceded by the silver cross raised on high, had likewise gone along the ranks, exhorting the warriors to be firm in their resolve of defending their country's independence at every hazard, absolving them from their sins and granting indulgences in the name of pope Urban VI.; later in the day, the warrior-prelate proved that he could fight as well as give counsel, for he took an active share in the battle and was carried from the field wounded, though not mortally. About the hour already mentioned, the advanced guard of the Castilian army made its appearance, and the announcement thereof was greeted with deafening shouts of joy; the Portuguese were impatient for action and wearied with waiting so long, exposed to the burning rays of the sun.

The progress of the advancing host so engrossed the attention of every one, as to make it doubtful whether at this moment any eye caught sight of a little band that was approaching at a brisk pace from the opposite direction; but ere long it was discovered by some of those stationed near the baggage train, and recognized as being composed of friends, though none could guess who they were. This small company consisted of a score of foot soldiers and a knight, who rode at their head, acting as their leader. On reaching the encampment, the knight, whose visor was down, conducted his men to the spot where the royal banner was stationed, and commanding them to halt, he advanced towards the group which surrounded the young monarch; but here he was stopped and requested to make himself known, ere pushing on further.

"Pray tell His Highness that the *cavalleiro esbulhado* awaits his commands," said the knight, without uncovering his face.

The person who had asked for his name was evidently surprised at this singular mode of introduction, and appeared to hesitate whether he would deliver the message or not, when an imperative sign from the stranger induced him to adopt the former course. The knight dismounted, and a minute or two later was shown the way to the royal presence.

"You are welcome to our camp, sir knight and *friend*," said Dom João, laying a stress upon the last word as he glanced around at the bystanders, wishing probably to intimate that none should presume to doubt the fact, though the new-comer was unknown to all.

The prince sent word to Antão Vasques that he desired his presence, and making a sign to his guard to stand off, he entered into conversation with the strange knight. It was remarked by those who saw the king and the knight conferring together, that they were both very much of the same height, the latter being only the merest trifle taller, and that they both wore armor of a similar pattern; for the king wore no insignia to distinguish his rank, in order not to attract the notice of the enemy. An attempt was made by some to find out from the stranger's companions who he was; but these men, whose features were also concealed behind their lowered visors, could not be induced to satisfy the curiosity of the questioners; they all were, or pretended to be, dumb. The whole affair appeared so mysterious, and excited such wonder, that ere half an hour the *cavalleiro esbulhado*, i. e., "the dispossessed knight," and his mute followers, became the topic of conversation throughout the ranks.

It was not long before Antão Vasques obeyed the royal summons, and after a few minutes' parley between the prince and the two knights, the latter withdrew together; whereupon, commanding his men to follow, the *esbulhado*, accompanied by Vasques, marched towards the left wing, whilst the charger which had borne the former was led away by a page, in order to be placed among the other horses.

A small space had been left between the troops under Cabreira, occupying the outer part of the wing, and those commanded by Vasques; it was in this interval that the *esbulhado* and his little band of followers took up their station in double line. The armor of the latter was similar to that worn by the rest of the infantry, with the exception that, instead of the open casque, each man wore a head-piece adorned with a visor. With regard to their offensive weapons, they were as well appointed as the knights, every soldier being provided with a short sword, an iron mace and a pike or a dart in lieu of a lance, which latter would have been of little or no service on the present occasion, since horses were to be dispensed with. One of the men, a tall, powerful looking fellow, who appeared to act as second in command, stood a little apart from the rest, at one end of the line, while the knight had placed himself at the other.

"How now! villains in the front line, among men of gentle blood!" cried Cabriera, stepping up to the spot where the newly arrived soldiers had just ranged themselves. "Know ye not your places, knaves? Fall back, all of you."

"Dom Garcia de Cabreira, these men receive their orders from me alone, and, next to the king and the constable, I acknowledge no authority but that of Antão Vasques," said the *esbulhado*, in a quiet but decided tone.

"And may I crave your name, fair knight?" asked Cabreira, adding, with a spice of irony in his tone, "for you guard your face as if you feared that the Castilian crossbows might send their shafts half a league."

"The visor weighs no heavier when lowered than when raised, and no one need be told how he must set it, seeing that his own convenience will instruct him in this respect. As to names, they are of little consequence here, sir knight, barring such as the one you bear, which is in itself worth scores of lances—strength of arm and promptitude will be more in demand to-day."

"As you will, gentle sir," replied Cabreira; "your right to remain here is undisputed; but yonder is the place which belongs to these churls," he said, pointing to the rear of the wing; "crows and ravens may not presume to claim fellowship with hawks."

"Nay, Garcia," said Antão Vasques, approaching the two knights, "'tis His Highness' express command that they remain where they are, under the immediate direction of their worthy leader."

"By my troth!" said the lord of Valverde, addressing his own followers; "'tis the first time I have seen the like of it. If swains and clowns are suffered to brandish their swords and wield their maces beside fidalgos, we'll have them next insisting on the privilege of splitting lances in the lists."

"The present is no time for bandying, Garcia," continued Vasques; "behold! yonder comes the Castilian host, see how it swells and covers the plain. When we have such odds to contend against, we should cheerfully dispense with useless forms and ill-timed pretensions; this is no tourney, that we must needs be so punctilious. These men are in too good a trim to be looked upon as mere auxiliaries; they are as well armed as the best of us, and will increase the strength of our lines. But, to settle the point, His Highness' command was stringent and will brook no interference."

All further dispute was cut short by a sudden flourish of trumpets, intimating that every one was to be at his post in readiness to receive the enemy.

The plain was fast disappearing beneath the feet of numberless bodies of men in close array, which were followed by still greater throngs of people, whose lot it was to attend upon the wants of the warriors. An infinite number of carts and sumpter mules, and large herds of cattle of various kinds were to be seen as far as the eye could reach; for, as the Castilian came with the intention of remaining in the kingdom until its total subjugation, the baggage train had assumed almost unwieldy proportions. This vast assemblage, mustering in all about 70,000, although of the number only 30,000 were fighting men, marched on with a heavy tread, reminding the distant spectator of the undulation of the waves when seen from a low beach during a calm, as the waters slowly rise and descend in their progress towards the shore; and the din of human voices resounded like the wild roaring of the pine forest in a storm. While still at some distance from the little army that awaited their approach—and which, in the words of an old writer, compared to the Castilian masses was "like unto the glimmer of a dim, solitary star next to the moon when shining in her full"—the invaders suddenly changed their course, and inclining to the west, i. e., towards Aljubarrota and the coast, began to defile past the left wing of the Portuguese; but beyond bow-shot. "They take themselves off! they refuse battle!" was the cry that arose from the champions of independence, and it echoed from rank to rank, mingled with shouts of derision. But it was soon perceived that this conclusion had been formed too hastily. The move on the part of the enemy had no doubt been taken with the view of securing an advantageous position, whereby they would have the sun at their back; for, crossing to the rear of the Portuguese forces, they commenced a halt between the latter and the village of Aljubarrota.

As soon as the enemy's intention was thoroughly understood, the Portuguese lines changed places; the rear passing to the other side of the baggage, the defenders of which likewise reversed their position, whilst the van, describing a half circle in its march, came round to its proper station. Some time elapsed before this manœuvre was effected, and considerably more was consumed by the Castilians in drawing up their troops. Their van consisted of 1,700 lances ranged in two lines, instead of one like the Portuguese, but was nevertheless much longer than the latter. Each wing numbered 700 lances, besides its infantry behind. The rear was formed in three lines of 1,000 lances each, and squadrons of infantry surrounded the baggage. In front of the van were sixteen pieces of artillery, the balls of which were of stone.

The sun was far upon its decline before the whole of the Castilian army was in perfect array; but as soon as this was brought about, the King of Castile despatched some knights to the Portuguese camp with a message for the constable, who, after obtaining his sovereign's permission, consented to hear what they had to say, and held a conference with them half way between the two camps.

During this parley, with the purport of which there is no need of troubling the reader, Cabreira, going a little on one side, so as not to be overheard, beckoned his confidant to approach him, which the latter did immediately.

"A fair display this, Fernão," said the Lord of Valverde, surveying the Castilian lines, which, all alive with plumes and pennants of every hue, presented a brilliant and animated spectacle, while the eyes were dazzled by the reflection of the sunbeams playing upon the gorgeous armor of the knights; "we show poorly beside the warriors of Juan of Castile, both in point of equipment and of numbers. Methinks the star of Aviz is about to set forever—after all, Dona Elvira may breathe, and I live none the less prosperously."

"'Tis so written on this field, senhor, in characters not to be mistaken, save by those whose wishes may mislead their mind," replied Rodrigues.

"Mark thou, Fernão: keep thy watchful eye upon me, and do as thou seest me do."

"That needed no recommendation."

"But hear me: it is meet thou be something prepared against committing any blunder that might prove fatal not only to thee, but to me; for if we take up the war cry of Castile prematurely, we should be lost, as none here would follow. Now hark: Castile will make the attack, and Dom João Affonso Tello (it was he who commanded the Castilian van) need be no conjurer to know that his move is to break through our vanguard. The sole check we can offer—and this only in case the enemy's wings are dilatory in supporting their van—will be for our two wings to close in and stem the tide on each flank. Mem Rodrigues de Vasconcellos will be prompt, as he ever is, in doing his part; nor will Antão Vasques be less on the alert; but I shall not budge. This will not only weaken our side, but render Antão Vasques powerless. The Grand-Master of Alcantara (he commanded the enemy's right wing, opposite Cabreira,) will not delay in advancing this way, where, by my inaction, he will have the entire advantage; this will be the moment for us to pass over to him, and my knights must needs go with me, unless they had rather yield as prisoners, or remain as food for the ravens. Victory will follow close in the wake; and through me will the contest have been shortened. Look to it, then, that thou fail not in caution and promptitude when called for."

"Count upon me, senhor; no hound was ever truer to the whoop of the huntsman than I'll prove to your instruction," replied Rodrigues, moving away as if to betake himself to his post.

"Stay, Fernão," said Cabreira, motioning the man to return; "hast thou not observed that tall fellow standing yonder, one of the knaves that arrived erewhile with him who, for want of a better name, calls himself the *esbulhado?*"

"I have paid no particular attention to him."

"But I have been watching him for some time; methinks I should know that form. Does it not seem to thee that he is of the same hight, and bears himself much like the cooper, Vasco Peres?"

"This had not struck me before; but, now that I look more attentively at the man, I think you are right," replied Fernão, after having kept his eye on the soldier for a few moments.

"There is something passing strange in the proceeding of this knight and his followers," continued Cabreira, "which not only puzzles, but alarms me in my despite. Ever since the short controversy he and I had together, I have strongly suspected that he is bent upon some business in which I may be concerned. As he spoke, my ear, once or twice, caught a sound that reminded me of the monk's voice at Alcôa. Yet, perhaps this is mere fancy; the presence of Vasco Peres, for I am sure he stands yonder, may have given wings to my imagination, as he and the monk are so closely associated in my mind. But that which tends to awaken my suspicions more than anything else, is the sight of these lubberly boors with visors; 'tis a novelty which involves a mystery, and tells us to be all the more cautious, ere we unmask ourselves."

"Behold, senhor! the *cavalleiro esbulhado* is no longer at his post," exclaimed Fernão, interrupting Cabreira in his speech.

The man spoke true; the strange knight had disappeared, and was no where to be seen.

"This is good news; I hope he means to stay away, and show his prowess in some more distant quarter of the field. But hark! there is the signal; get thee to thy place, Fernão."

And indeed at this moment the long, shrill notes of many trumpets resounded far and wide awakening in the breast of every Portuguese the solemn and anxious feeling that the hour had arrived at which the fate of his country was to be decided. The sounds of the clarion had scarcely died away, when the sixteen pieces of artillery belonging to the Castilians thundered forth, sending a volley of stone balls in among the Portuguese lines; but cannon being then a novelty, and its management but little understood, very little harm was done, only three men being killed; nor were any of the pieces discharged again that day.

"*Castilla y Santiago!*" was the war-cry raised by the Castilian van as it rushed through the clouds of smoke that spread over the field; "*Portugal e Sanjorge!*" was the response, as the Portuguese received with undaunted firmness the enemy's onslaught.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

It seems a very easy thing to look at both sides of any question, and yet, practically, nothing has been found to be more difficult in respect to all matters of importance; and even when you get over this difficulty, it is no easy matter to acknowledge what you really see on both sides. In the case of the lawyer pleading a cause, it is his duty, or at least his business, to conceal what he sees on one side. He is like the moon with the earth—he always shows one side to the Bench, the other side he keeps out of sight. And the lawyer is merely like the rest of the world in this respect, only with him it is more professional. He acknowledges it, and allows that he cannot afford to be candid; he must plead for his client. If you belong to a party, or a sect, you must do the same; you are witnesses of it, not judges of it; and if in a mere mood of indifference you fall into controversy at a dinner table, it seems so natural to take one side or other, that you do it as a matter of course, and plead as if you were a professional lawyer pleading before a bench or judges, hiding what you think will weaken your argument, and adducing what you think will strengthen it. In such cases you are neither judge nor juryman. This has been the custom of men in all ages; and it looks as if the moon in the heavens were set up as a caricature, or an emblem of the one-sided practice of all conditions and races of men. There she is, a one-sided thing that has never shown her other side to the world since time began. And what party ever has done it any more than the moon? They move round their orbits exactly as she does, showing one face to those within the pale, and another to those without.

SLID AWAY.

She used in his yellow beard to lay
Full tenderly her little hand;
But the time wherein they loved slid away
Like a belt of faithless land;

Like a belt of faithless land from the shore
Where it seemed so firm and fast,
And it never will come to them any more
And piece itself to their past. El Mina.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,
AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Money and man a mutual falsehood show;
Men make false money—money makes men so.
ALEYN.

Immediately after the departure of Mr. Harper from Lombard street, Sir Jasper was conveyed to the chamber lately occupied by his nephew, and placed upon the bed. Lady Mansell wished him to be taken to his private residence, and urged it strenuously, till the surgeons declared that their patient would die before he reached it—when she gave a reluctant assent. It was not the inconvenience of herself and daughters being obliged to take up their temporary residence at the bank she dreaded, but the influence of Harold; his uncle could not endure his absence for an instant; if he quitted the room, his eyes followed him anxiously, and he appeared restless and uneasy till his return.

Although mortally wounded, the sufferings of the deeply-guilty man were comparatively slight; the body and the extremities below the injuries inflicted upon the spine being paralysed and perfectly insensible to pain.

Several of the most eminent practitioners in London were standing round the bed. They had just finished dressing his wound. It would have been superfluous to have asked their opinion—a child might have read it written in their countenances.

"I am perfectly aware of my fate, gentlemen," said the banker, after regarding them earnestly, "and thank you for your skill and sympathy; neither, however, can avail me; I am doomed—doomed!"

"Without pronouncing your case utterly hopeless," replied the senior surgeon, "we will not conceal from you that there is danger—in fact, considerable danger. A wise man prepares for the worst even when he hopes the best. It would relieve your mind, perhaps, were all worldly arrangements made."

"I understand you," groaned Sir Jasper; "I understand you."

"Should reaction, accompanied by fever, supervene——"

"How many hours have I to live?" demanded the baronet, calmly.

The men of science regarded each other in silence. It was a question rarely answered.

"I am not a child," added the speaker, "to start at the shadow of Death's approach. His footsteps fall silently, but I *feel* that the King of Terrors is near. I would know exactly how many minutes, hours, or days, I may still call my own; for I have much to do, and but scant breathing time to do it in. I have known you for years," he continued, addressing the family surgeon; "you are acquainted with my peculiar temperament—are aware that I shall suffer more from suspense than certainty—will you not answer me?"

The gentleman thus appealed to, regarded his brother practitioners, who silently nodded assent. Leaning over the bed, he whispered gently the reply in the ears of the dying man.

"About twenty-four hours."

"Not more?"

"Unless a miracle takes place."

Sir Jasper thanked them for their candor, and requested to be left alone with his nephew.

"Would that Edward were living!" he murmured, as soon as the surgeons had withdrawn. "His presence might have consoled me in this trial."

"Perhaps he is praying for you," replied Harold, deeply moved by the allusion to his father.

"Perhaps!" repeated the wounded man; "perhaps! Do you pray for me."

"Uncle, although I have heard my dear parent say there are none so good nor so wretched that we should not offer prayers at the throne of mercy for them, rest assured the most efficacious ones are those which rise from the sinner's own lips. The waters of penitence must cleanse his soul before the blood that was shed at Calvary will redeem it.

"*Pray for yourself,*" he added, "and I will pray with you. Humble your pride in ashes. Offer to God a broken spirit and a contrite heart; he will not reject them. I am too young, too ignorant, too sinful to advise or sustain you in such an hour."

It was a terrible position for one so young to be placed in. No wonder our hero shrank from the responsibility—older men might have done so. Still he complied with his request, and, sinking upon his knees by the side of the bed, poured forth a stream of simple, touching supplication. For some considerable time his voice alone was heard; gradually, a low, broken murmur joined with it.

The murderer of Clement Chambers was praying for forgiveness.

In the course of his prayer the youth spoke of atonement. A deep groan escaped from the lips of his relative, and he felt that the bed trembled beneath him.

"Useless, Harold!" he muttered, hoarsely—"useless! There is, there can be—no atonement for a wretch like me; blood-guiltiness is on my soul."

"I know it, uncle," said the nephew, greatly distressed. "Captain Riddle told me as much in Leghorn, after I had rescued his victims."

"Victims!" repeated Sir Jasper, in a tone of surprise, for he knew but of one.

"Clara Cleret and Harry."

"Whom said you?"

"Clara and Harry," repeated our hero.

"You dream, boy!" exclaimed the baronet, wildly—"dream! Your cousin's body lies bleaching in the fathomless depths of the sea—wrecked in the Rattlesnake—lost on the fatal voyage I sent him, never to rise again till the last day, to plead against me at the judgment-seat. Although my hands are free from the actual stain, his blood is upon my soul: I know it—feel it. There is no mercy," he added, despairingly; "no atonement for a wretch like me!"

"There is atonement for all," said Harold Mansell, with impressive calmness. "Providence preserved you, uncle, from that one crime. Riddle deceived you, in order to obtain the price of his villainy. My cousin never went on board the Rattlesnake—never saw the doomed vessel. The tale of his death is false.”

“How?”

“With the assistance of true and generous-hearted friends, I found the means of rescuing him from the power of the monster you had consigned him to.”

The baronet clasped his hand in speechless gratitude.

“Riddle must have discovered him in company with Clara, and secured them both,” continued the speaker; “though what his motive could have been in offering outrage to a helpless girl, I have yet to learn—unless, indeed, her unnatural uncle, Mr. Parfit, backed him.”

“Who?”

“Mr. Parfit.”

“A bad man!” muttered the banker; “a bad man! but you wrong him there. It was I who employed spies to follow her, and instructed the captain where to secure his victim. Harper urged me to it, indirectly; but he knew my fatal secret. A hint was sufficient; I dared not disobey him. I can mock him now!” he added, in a tone of mingled triumph and excitement.

“Mr. Harper!” exclaimed our hero; “what interest could he possibly have in the perpetration of such an unmanly outrage?”

“His daughter had heard of my son's admiration for Clara, and imagined herself jealous—as if she ever cared for him!”

“Still, I cannot understand, uncle, how her father——”

“A few words will explain the rest,” interrupted Sir Jasper. “He was my partner in the speculations whose failure plunged my soul in guilt—drove me from lying and forgery—he shared in both—to murder,” he added, lowering his voice to a whisper. “Murder! that was my deed alone; the cur who profited by it had not the courage to share it!”

“What a fearful labyrinth!” ejaculated his nephew.

“That of Crete,” observed the banker, “the ancients' boast, the world's last wonder, was a plain, beaten track a child might tread, compared with the maze of crime. Avoid it, Harold! I have lost the right to admonish by words—my example, however, is sufficiently eloquent. Crime has the syren's face to lure—the whirlpool's suction to draw you within its vortex. The weakest step may pass beyond the line, but it requires a giant's strength and resolution to retrace it.

“This explains your seeming indifference,” resumed the dying man, after a pause, “when you heard of your cousin's supposed death.”

“I had a hard struggle,” observed the youth, “to conceal my joy at his safety. We were reared together. Harry is the most gentle, kind, and affectionate creature that ever breathed. Heaven has gifted him with genius. He will create a name—carve his way to fortune; but you will see him, uncle, and receive his forgiveness?”

“You know not half his wrongs,” said the banker.

“Were they tenfold, he would pardon them.”

“The loss of fortune!”

“He cares not for wealth.”

“His father's sufferings and ruin!”

“Repentance may atone even for that.”

“You know not what you promise,” said his relative, “neither do you suspect half my villainies. Hear me, Harold. For the murder of Clement Chambers I had the excuse of madness—ruin threatened me—exposure—shame—a public, ignominious death! Yes, yes, I must have been mad; but the crime that followed was coolly and deliberately planned, meditated over for two years before being carried into execution.”

“Another assassination!” thought Harold, with a shudder.

“Amongst the papers of my victim, I discovered the correspondence of Mrs. Imray—letters written before her marriage, signed only with her surname, and many of them undated. Some devil whispered to me they might prove useful, and before burying the desk I removed them.”

“For what purpose, uncle?”

“To blight the happiness of the man whose wealth has sustained the falling credit of my father's house. The letters, thrown artfully in his way, roused his jealousy till it became madness. Hastening home, he drove his innocent wife and child from the abode he believed dishonored by their presence. The mother died!” he added.

“And not the son?”

“Not the son,” repeated the guilty man. “At Mr. Imray's own suggestion, the boy was placed at school in a distant part of the country, where he passed as the illegitimate offspring of his elder brother, who, with an eye to the future, accepted the discredit of the charge.”

“Great heavens!” exclaimed Harold Mansell, “my cousin Harry, then——”

“Is the grandson of Zachariah Imray.”

Our hero could with difficulty restrain his joy at the discovery.

“The heir of his vast fortune!” added Sir Jasper.

“More than of his wealth,” replied the nephew; “of his love, his sympathies with humanity—repressed, but not destroyed. Was his grandfather aware of his existence?”

“Yes.”

“And a consenting party to placing him in the hands of Riddle?”

“He was,” answered the guilty man, “but not to my instructions. Zac sought only to remove a being whom he considered a stain upon his name, to prevent the grandson of Clement Chambers—as he believed him—from inheriting the magnificent property of Bampton Park, which is strictly entailed.”

“Uncle,” said the youth, “you must see and confess everything to Mr. Imray.”

The baronet shuddered—he lacked moral courage to face the man he had so basely and deeply injured.

“How else will you atone—obtain his forgiveness?”

“After my death, Harold,” faltered Sir Jasper, “you may explain all. I could not endure his passionate though just reproaches—his scorn—his curses.”

“Heaven is more merciful to us,” observed our hero, “than we are to ourselves. Whatever he may feel, Mr. Imray, I am convinced, will command his temper.”

“You do not know him.”

“Better than you do,” said the youth, “for I have learnt to estimate his character more justly. Beneath a rugged exterior he hides a feeling heart. His cynicism, his suspicions of his fellow creatures, are of the tongue only; his sober reason rejects them. The tale of his misfortunes and sufferings I heard from his own lips a few weeks since, the history of his wrongs from yours. You must see him,” he continued, “humble yourself before him, crawl to his feet, if necessary, and bathe them with your tears. Do anything to obtain his pardon.”

“Never!” groaned the banker. “Never!”

“How else will you dare to solicit Heaven's?” demanded his nephew, solemnly.

Sir Jasper made no reply.

“It must be asked in humility and penitence,” continued the youthful monitor; “pride must be trampled on, crushed, annihilated. Oh, that my revered father were still living, he would speak with the authority of his sacred office, the affection of a brother; his eloquence might touch your heart. My voice is powerless to do so, for I am a mere boy, ignorant, weak in all save the lessons he taught me.”

“I will see him,” said the baronet, with sudden resolution; “drag myself in the dust before him, and should he scorn my prayer——”

“Heaven will not scorn it,” answered Harold.

“See him! explain all! and bring him with you,” murmured the dying man.

Our hero, fearful lest the resolution of his uncle should change, rose to depart.

“Stay!” said Sir Jasper, as he reached the door of the chamber.

His nephew turned.

“Send my lawyer to me; I must have every worldly interest off my mind before Zac arrives.”

“Think not of such things now.”

“You are wrong there,” observed his relative, mildly. “I have duties to others to perform. It would not be either kind or wise to leave them to the mercy of Augustus.”

Concluding that he alluded to Lady Mansell and her daughters, Harold made no further objection, but, as he passed through the bank, gave the necessary instructions to send his legal adviser to the speaker.

That done, he started for Princess street, where Harry had once more taken up his abode.

The sudden return of her lodgers had been a source not only of surprise, but unfeigned joy, to Mrs. Page, who embraced Clara as if she had been her own child. As for the maid-of-all work, she threw herself into her mistress's arms, embraced her frantically, raved for several instants about seas, assassins and mysteries, and finally concluded with a not very complimentary allusion to the former object of her admiration, the celebrated Miss Watson, the then popular heroine of the domestic drama at the Cobourg.

The distress of Clara and her father on learning the disappearance of Telbin from the dairy was painful to witness. Their suspicions naturally fell upon his unnatural uncle, the money-lender, and they had not been many minutes in the house before circumstances confirmed them.

“I have seen that woman somewhere,” observed the colonel, as Mrs. Mardon passed the still open parlor door on her way to the street.

The landlady explained that it was her first floor lodger, and added that she was a most respectable widow lady, with rather restricted means.

“Where can I have seen her?” he added, musingly.

Suddenly the truth flashed upon him; he had not only seen, but spoken with her, on more than one occasion, soon after his return from India, at the residence of his unworthy brother-in-law.

“It is Parfit's housekeeper!” he exclaimed, greatly excited.

“Who?” shrieked Mrs. Page.

“Parfit's housekeeper.”

The worthy landlady sank upon the sofa. She, with all her knowledge of the world, to have been taken in! such references, too! A fatality appeared attached to her first floor; was it never to be occupied by a really respectable lodger?

“The truth is evident,” said the father of Clara. “The woman has introduced herself into your house the better to assist the infamous projects of her master. I cannot blame you,” he added; “or suspect you, after the instances my daughter has related of your benevolence. It was easy to impose on a person of your simplicity.”

The word “simplicity” sounded in the ears of Mrs. Page worse than a reproach, for if there was a point on which that excellent woman prided herself it was her shrewdness.

We must pass over the meeting between Signor Benetti with his niece, and her father. The long-sundered brothers met as brothers should meet, when falsehood, meanness, and hypocrisy are strangers to the hearts of each.

The explanations, questions, answers, and expressions of delight were not half exhausted when our hero arrived in Princess street.

His first inquiry was for Bianca.

The next for his cousin Harry.

The modest blush with which the fair girl met him proved that the place he held in her young heart had not been vacant for an instant in his absence.

“You are ill, Harold,” she observed, gazing fondly into his eyes; “and I fear the mind has more to do with the suffering than the body.”

“Have you not heard the intelligence?”

“No.”

“My uncle, Sir Jasper Mansell, is dying. He was shot last night—or, rather, at an early hour this morning—by the old man I have so frequently described to you, Mark Chambers.”

“Under what circumstances?” whispered the Italian; for, from the hour our hero declared his love, he had no secrets from the mistress of his affections, consequently she was acquainted with everything, even to his suspicions.

“Dying!” repeated Bianca.

“And I trust a penitent, for he has much to atone,” observed her lover, seriously. “But I must see my cousin instantly. It is hard, very hard, Bianca,” he added, “to part again, even for a few hours, but I have duties that I dare not neglect.”

“Look at my dear father,” said the young girl, pointing to the picture-dealer; “what has he not sacrificed at the shrine of Charity—fame, fortune, happiness, everything save honor. His daughter will not blame you, Harold.”

“I have heard his history from Signor Benetti,” replied our hero. “No wonder that you are so proud of him.”

Bianca smiled. The praise of her parent was, perhaps, the most grateful flattery that could be offered to her heart.

Harry was seated before the unfinished portrait of the dwarf, contemplating it sadly, when our hero entered the studio. A strong feeling of attachment had sprung up between the two youths—each peculiarly gifted, but in different ways.

“I am very unfortunate,” said the young artist, pointing to the canvas: “having so few to love me, it appears doubly hard to part with even one.”

“The list will be extended soon,” replied his cousin, taking his hand.

Harry smiled, thinking the speaker alluded to his own marriage with Clara Cleret.

“No, it will not,” he answered; “for I love her like a sister already.”

Our hero seated himself by his side, and, taking the hand of Harry in his, proceeded to inform him of the approaching death of their uncle.

“I am sorry for him,” observed the youth, “although I never saw him, and have but little cause to love him. His harshness has been most unaccountable towards me. I am as much his nephew as you are; yet he would have cast me off—doomed me to a life of misery—but for you, dear Harold.”

“Because he feared you.”

“Feared me!” repeated Harry, with a look of incredulity.

Without entering into the details of the murder of Clement Chambers, his cousin related quite sufficient to give him an idea of the manner in which Sir Jasper received his death wound; repeated the dying man's confession of the means by which he had destroyed the domestic happiness of Zachariah Imray, and the death of his calumniated wife.

“The monster!” exclaimed his hearer, with an involuntary burst of indignation.

“He is dying, Harry, and penitent.”

“Heaven forgive me!” murmured the youth, “but the impulse of my heart was stronger than my reason. I will pray for him.”

“You must do more.”

“More!” repeated his hearer; “what can I do more?”

“Forgive him!” said his cousin, seriously.

“His abandonment of me?” replied Harry. “Willingly—I never resented it. His attempt to separate us was, in my eyes, his worst offence; that did appear hard. But I can pardon even that.”

“Dear, generous boy!” exclaimed our hero, “you know not half his crimes towards you.”

“What others are there?”

“Your father robbed of his birthright,” continued Harold; “deprived of a parent's love, steeped in poverty when he should have possessed a princely fortune, made to pass as the illegitimate son of one brother instead of the acknowledged heir of the other.”

At this unexpected revelation, the countenance of his hearer flushed deeply.

“If I understand you rightly,” he faltered, “Zachariah Imray is——”

“Your grandfather, Harry!—your grandfather, whose heart will leap with joy to acknowledge you, when once the proofs of the infamous deception practised by our uncle have been laid before him.”

“I care not for his wealth,” observed the young artist, with a sigh. “I had rather he had been your grandfather, Harold.”

“Why so?”

“For fear I should never love him.”

“But you will accompany me to his house?”

“No.”

It was the first time in his life Harry had ever pronounced the word to a request from his cousin, and the feeling must have been deep that wrung it from his lips.

“I can forgive my uncle, who is dying, and, as you tell me, sincerely penitent, but I cannot seek my wealthy grandfather. I have not forgotten your description of his character. He is suspicious of the motives of all who approach him, cynical, and unjust.”

“In words only. Think how he has suffered—how cruelly he has been deceived.”

It required all the eloquence of his cousin to induce the new-found heir to accompany him to Cannon street, and he only consented to do so on the understanding that Mr. Imray was not to be informed of his presence there unless he expressed a desire to see him.

“I have no pride, Harold!” exclaimed the youth, as they quitted the studio; “but I have my heart to guard.”

“I do not understand you, Harry.”

“It would break my heart were he to suspect me of meanness or unworthy motives. If he chooses to acknowledge me, and can love me—well. If not——”

“What then, dear Harry?”

“The affection of those I have known from boyhood must content me. The palette—the chisel—the artist's studio for life; and his wealth may go to those who covet it,” added the speaker, proudly; “for, after all, I would rather create a fortune than inherit one.”

CHAPTER L.

To have the power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
To grant a pardon than condemn. BUTLER.

When the cousins arrived in Cannon street, Gervis, Zachariah Imray's old servant, answered their impatient summons. The old man had never seen Harry before, and hesitated at first whether he ought to admit him.

“My master is always at home to you, sir,” he observed; “but I don't know whether he would like to receive a stranger.”

“This gentleman will not be a stranger very long,” replied our hero, with a quiet smile.

“Very likely not, sir, for you do pretty much with him as you please. I never knew any one that could twist and turn him round their thumbs before.”

This remark was familiarly but not insolently made. The speaker had passed forty years in the service of the retired drysalter, and was as honest as he was uncouth, which latter quality endeared him, rather than otherwise, in the eyes of his master.

“I have no wish to intrude upon Mr. Imray,” said his grandson. “You see, Harold,” he added, turning to his companion, “my first resolution was the wisest. I ought not to have come.”

“If not resentful, you are over-sensitive,” whispered his cousin. “Remember, if indifferent to wealth on your own account, you have a duty to others.”

“To you—yes.”

“To the dead!”

“The dead!” repeated Harry.

“Your father's legitimacy to establish—to remove the slur from his grave,” replied our hero, seriously.

“You are right, Harold; right, as you always are. Like a child, I am certain to go wrong, when I walk without your advice.”

A compromise with the faithful creature was effected by arranging that Mr. Islip, as his cousin named him, should wait below, whilst the latter proceeded to the drawing-room up stairs.

“I shall soon return for you,” he whispered, Poor Harry smiled doubtfully.

Uncle Zac, as he was familiarly called by the Mansells, had just drawn on his great-coat, in order to return to Lombard street, when his visitor was announced. The thoughtful expression upon the naturally harsh-looking countenance of the old man changed to a faint smile when he recognized him, and he stretched forth his hand cordially.

“How is Jasper?” he demanded.

“The surgeons give no hope,” replied our hero; “his minutes are numbered. I heard one of them pronounce that he had not more than twenty-four hours to live.”

“Short preparation, I fear,” muttered Mr. Imray—“very short for a life like his. He has been a grasping man—one of the City mammon-worshippers—made it his god.”

“The idolatry is still the same,” observed Harold Mansell, quietly, “whether we worship gold, ambition, or revenge—'tis but the idol changed.”

“True; true.”

“Sir Jasper appears penitent.”

“Harold,” said the drysalter, “I wish to speak with you. The events of last night have given rise to a painful suspicion in my mind. Why should old Mark Chambers have requested of my brother to remain in the rooms he had so long occupied at the bank for his life? why obstinately have refused any other recompense for his faithful services?”

“I cannot enter into the motives, sir,” replied his visitor, greatly embarrassed.

“That was not answered like yourself,” observed Mr. Imray; “but, perhaps, you are right; confidence may have been placed in you.”

“It has, sir.”

“Then you are doubly justified in your silence,” continued Zac; “still it is singular Jasper should have met his death from Mark's hand.”

“Most singular!”

“There is some mystery!” continued the drysalter, muttering the words to himself rather than to his visitor, “and I am determined to unravel it.”

“I came for that very purpose.”

“You?”

“At my uncle's request.”

Mr. Imray regarded Harold earnestly.

“Let me entreat you to be patient,” said our hero, “and hear me to the end. I have both a strange and painful task to perform for one so young and inexperienced. Your kindness and forbearance,” he added, “must assist me.”

“The kindness I can promise,” replied Zac, taking off his great-coat, and seating himself. “Now I am ready to listen to you.”

“You once, Mr. Imray, reposed in me a confidence that excited for you the deepest sympathy, for it told me how greatly you had suffered.”

“We will not speak of that now,” said the old man, mildly, and at the same time placing his hand upon the arm of the speaker.

“Pardon me, it is of that—my confidence, or rather the subject of it—I came to speak. Sir Jasper Mansell, you are aware, was shot by Mark Chambers, whilst in the act of removing a desk buried at the foot of the withered tree you may have noticed in the court-yard of the bank.”

“Yes, pray proceed.”

“It will pain you, sir,” said Harold, hesitatingly.

“Heed not that, I am used to it, and can bear it like a stoic.”

“Say, rather, like a Christian,” observed the young man; “for the stoic mistakes apathy for courage.”

His hearer smiled.

“That desk belonged to Clement——”

“Do not name the villain,” exclaimed Mr. Imray, interrupting him. “His death—a pitiless, merciless death—has not diminished the hatred I bear that man.”

“I have discovered letters in it——”

“Which prove my wife's wantonness,” said the grandfather of Harry, growing more and more excited as the conversation proceeded, “and would restore them to me. Burn them, scatter them to the winds; I need no additional proofs of their infamy.”

“Hush sir! do not slander the dead.”

“Slander!”

“On the innocent,” added his visitor. “You have been deceived—cruelly deceived! The letters which Sir Jasper selected from the correspondence were written by your wife to Clement Chambers before her marriage with you; they were undated, and served his purpose but too well.”

“Purpose!” faltered Mr. Imray, in the tone of a man who had received a sudden blow upon the brain; “what purpose?”

“To estreat your fortune.”

“Oh, the curse of being rich,” groaned the drysalter. “It poisons the grasp of friendship, the smile of affection; for, whether rightly, or wrongly, we believe that interest, vile interest, lies in each. But you spoke of Jasper's treachery, my being deceived. No, no, I can't believe it; *I dare not* believe it; it would be too horrible. For pity's sake, repeat to me that my wife was false, that I am not her murderer, the assassin of my own son.”

Harold remained silent.

“Give me proof, then of her innocence,” continued the old man, hoarsely; “let me feel the full weight of my misery and guilt. Anything—anything, rather than suspense.”

“Receive the only letter your wife ever wrote to Clement Chambers after her marriage.”

The old man stretched forth his hand and took the letter with a bewildered air; his eyes glanced over the page for an instant; but the sight of characters once so familiar and dear to him upset his self-possession, and he gave it back, murmuring as he did so:

“Read it—read it for me. It is her handwriting.”

Without one word of comment, our hero complied with his request. The letter ran thus:

“I have received your letter, together with the proofs, which I return, that in the transactions which cast a stain upon your honor and caused me to break our engagement, you were not so deeply implicated as I once supposed. Still, you were culpable, although I rejoice to admit in a less degree.

“Knowing the irritability of your temper and feelings, I pass over expressions which—however I might have once listened to, cannot be addressed to me now without insult, for I am both a wife and a mother. You say I have been sacrificed—that it is impossible I should love my husband. Disabuse yourself of that idea. *I do love him.* Whatever the nature of my feelings when I first married, his manly character and virtues have won my affection. My heart is wholly devoted to him and to our boy.

“His example has taught me to judge from actions rather than words; and your obstinate persistence in keeping letters which ought to be given up—letters written when we were engaged—letters which ought never to be retained unless by a lover or a husband—confirms me in the opinion I formed when I broke with you for ever.”

If drops of molten lead or coals of fire had been let fall one by one upon the heart and brain of Mr. Imray, whilst Harold Mansell was reading the irrevocable proof of his wife's innocence, it could not have inflicted greater torture. He tore the letter wildly from his hand, dashed with it to the window, and read it himself over and over again, glaring upon it with bloodshot eyes.

“Merciless! merciless!” he groaned at last; “and all for the sake of a handful of dross. Devil—pitiless devil!”

“He is penitent,” urged his visitor, in a humble tone.

Had he to live a hundred years, our hero never would have forgotten the look of Zac as he repeated the word “penitent!”

“What is his penitence to me?” he exclaimed; “will it restore to life the woman I drove, like an insensate fool, from my heart and home—cancel my years of past agony, and future remorse? Penitence! where is the son I robbed of his birthright? passed as the illegitimate offspring of—— God!” he added, struck by the painful recollection of the part the putative father had consented to play, “had my brother any share or knowledge of this atrocious villany!”

“I fear he had.”

“All alike,” murmured the old man, in a tone of anguish; “all alike. Why should I be surprised? Cain and Abel, too, were brothers; and you,” he added, turning to Harold, “frank, honest, manly, as you seem—you saw your cousin Harry sent like some beggar's brat to sea without a reason, the instant your rich uncle willed it so.”

“What could I do?” asked our hero, calmly.

“True, true, you were young, ignorant of the world and Jasper's purpose. His purpose,” repeated the speaker to himself, “my purpose. There at least our guilt is equal. Still, I should have thought——”

“What would you have thought?” demanded our hero, with a smile.

“Nothing! nothing! Sorrow shall not make me unjust to you. I recollect your grief when you heard of my grandson's death.”

“It was assumed.”

Mr. Imray regarded him with astonishment.

“The real feeling of my heart was joy.”

“Monster!”

“To know he lived,” said Harold, unable longer to restrain himself, “that I had saved him from his false uncle's cruelty—the brutal insolence of his agent, Riddle. Harry never set one foot on board the Rattlesnake. He is living, well, and worthy of your love.”

The surprise, the joy was almost too much for the old man, after the excitement he had endured, and he sank, helpless as a child, back in his chair.

“Forgive me!” exclaimed our hero, soothingly; “I have been too precipitate; I should have used more caution.”

“Living!” murmured Mr. Imray.

“Living,” repeated Harold.

“My grandson—*her* grandson! There lies my only hope of pardon. Why is he not here? You have not misled me?—no, I see you have not, by those witnesses in your young eyes—dumb witnesses, but eloquent ones—that you can sympathize with the sorrows of old age. You will lead me to him, and plead for me, should he refuse the love I offer him. Think you he will forgive me?”

“You do not know him yet. Harry is the warmest-hearted, kindest being in existence; all who know, love him. He has not one harsh quality in his nature.”

“Lead me to him,” repeated the old man, faintly.

“Had you not better postpone the meeting? The emotion may——”

“Lead me to him, if you would not kill me with suspense. My arms yearn to enfold him. My aged heart beats as if it would burst its prison-house to meet him. For pity's sake no more delay.”

“In a few minutes, then.”

“Is he so near?”

“Be calm—I go to summon him.”

Before introducing his cousin into the drawing-room to his grandfather, Harold prepared him for the meeting by describing the old man's remorseful tenderness and impatience to see him.

“Be gentle with him, Harry,” he added; “for the hand of affliction has fallen heavily upon him. You surprise me, I never thought that you could look so sternly till this moment. Surely you are not brooding resentfully over your injuries?”

“Mine!” replied the youth. “I have forgotten them—I was thinking of my poor father.”

“I understand you,” said our hero.

“And yours.”

“Mine?”

“Yes! One was steeped in shame to the very lips, for no fault of his own; the other left to neglect and poverty, but for protecting me.”

“Remember his counsels,” said his cousin, impressively. “How often have you heard him, from the seat of truth, declare that forgiveness of injuries was not only a duty, but a virtue. If from heaven he is permitted to watch over the children of his care—for we were brothers, Harry, in his love—how would his spirit grieve to find your heart grown hard and unforgiving?”

“It is not unforgiving,” exclaimed the youth, melted to tears by the allusion to his second parent, “but you know not what I have suffered when my mind dwelt upon my father's fate, and my own dependent state.”

These words revealed a sensitive pride his hearer was far from suspecting the existence of. It seemed as if the eccentricity of Zachariah Imray had been suddenly transmitted to his descendant, in proof of his claims to be called his grandson.

“Forget it, my dear boy,” said his cousin, “now and for ever.”

“I will do my best,” was the reply, “since you so earnestly wish it.”

When the speakers reached the front drawing-room, they found it empty; Mr. Imray had disappeared.

Harold looked surprised; the lip of his companion curled disdainfully.

“His penitence is short-lived,” he whispered. “Let me return. I have no business here.”

A deep groan startled them. It came from the inner room.

“Wait,” said his cousin; “I entreat you—only for an instant,” he added, as he disappeared by the door communicating with the two rooms.

The request of the speaker thus earnestly expressed, was a command to the grateful youth he had so long protected and watched over like an elder brother. Harry seated himself to await his return.

The mysterious case had once more been opened and examined.

Our hero found Mr. Imray, his whole frame bowed in an agony of remorse, before the portrait of his wife. Such was the position the unhappy man had chosen to receive his grandson in.

Harold retreated, and in a few moments returned with Harry.

The instant his grandfather beheld him he tottered towards him, and would have sank upon his knees, had not the young man prevented him. The sight of his white hair, his eyes dimmed with tears, and his countenance expressive of agony and remorse, touched the heart of the young artist—pride and resentment both vanished, and he embraced the old man cordially.

For nearly an hour our hero left them to themselves. Such a meeting required no witnesses; neither could any pen do justice to it; the kindred shades of feeling—happiness, sorrow, pity, and regret, that alternately shadowed their features, or became apparent in their words.

“He has forgiven me!” exclaimed the old man, when the former rejoined them; “forgiven and promised to love me!”

“The latter will not be a very difficult task, will it, Harry?”

His cousin looked in his face and smiled.

“I look upon you,” continued Mr. Imray, “as brothers, and, consequently, as equally my grandsons. The fortune which caused so much misery—which others sinned for—shall be divided equally between you.”

“Impossible that I should accept your bounty, sir; it is too great—unmerited by me.”

“Are you more proud than I am?” said Harry, reproachfully. “Did I ever refuse to share your pittance?”

“If he persists,” observed his grandfather, “I recall my promise. Remember, it was made conditionally on his acceptance.”

“What promise, sir?”

“To visit with Harry the death-bed of Sir Jasper Mansell and pronounce a pardon for the wrongs he has inflicted upon us ere he dies.”

Harold pressed a hand of each.

“Do with me as you please,” he said. “I dare not refuse any condition which may bring peace of mind to my wretched uncle. I feel as if my father's eyes were upon me, and his blessed spirit approving the path I have pursued towards him. When shall we set forth?”

Mr. Imray regarded his grandson, as if he knew no will but his.

“At once,” replied Harry. “Let us visit him at once.”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THERE is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit-trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habit, which, growing up, would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory, and a shade.

THE GRAVE OF THE SETTLER'S BOY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The hill is bleak and bare enough,
  Thistles are all the flowers it owns;
Round it the road runs zigzag, rough
  With miry ruts and loose, gray stones.

Ay, bleak and bare and cheerless, save
  One quiet spot that scarce is seen,
And there, about a little grave,
  The turf is smooth, and low and green.

For, seeing that lone grave, sometimes
  The teamster checks his whistling gay,
And blocks his heavy wheel, and climbs
  The fence, and pulls th' weeds away.

There kindly nature paints the shade
  With insects, as with tenderest dies;
There fox and hare, all unafraid,
  Look straight into the hunter's eyes

For while he thinks of suns gone down
  Of hopes long lost, of long-lost care,
His trusty rifle, bright and brown,
  Slips from his shoulder, unaware.

All things are solemn; 'gainst the sky,
  The wood, a mass of shadow flows,
And high above the shoals of rye,
  Her long, red arms th' wild brier throws.

The birds scarce sing there even at morn,
  But as th' long, slow hours go past,
With golden bills and bills of horn
  Peck the black stubs, until at last

Leaving the world to deeper gloom,
  The sunshine from the landscape goes,
And o'er the yet rejoicing bloom
  The moon her hoarded palor snows.

A CRUEL DEED.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

One day, during the war of the Revolution, the house of a mild, inoffensive Quaker, who lived at no great distance from the town of Camden, South Carolina, was suddenly surrounded by a large body of British cavalry, to the great surprise and alarm of the inmates.

"Why, Peter, what does thee think these men of war want with us?" said the pallid wife to her husband.

"I guess no harm to any here—perhaps to make some inquiry!" replied the master of the house, trying to assume a look of ease and unconcern.

"Oh, my dear father!" cried an interesting girl of fifteen, springing to his side and grasping his hand in terror.

By this time the door was thrown violently open, and a fierce-looking officer, with a pistol in one hand and a drawn sabre in the other, and followed by some four or five of his men similarly armed, burst furiously into the room, exclaiming, in a coarse, savage tone:

"I want a —— rebel Quaker named Peter Yarnall!"

The daughter and one or two others uttered wild cries of terror, and the poor wife and mother sunk silently upon a seat, as pale as a ghost. The husband and father, with white and quivering lips—for those were fearful days to any who had incurred the suspicion of being inimical to the interests of an imbecile king three thousand miles away—replied, in a conciliatory tone:

"My name is Peter Yarnall, friend, but I am, like all of my society, a man of peace, and therefore not a rebel. Doubtless thee has been misinformed, and is laboring under a mistake."

"There'll be no mistake after we've got you in close quarters, you scoundrel!" rejoined the leader, savagely, his eyes flashing with anger and hate. "Seize him, men, hand-cuff him, and drag him out of his rebel nest!"

Two of the party sprung forward, and in a moment the Quaker had the irons of a felon upon his wrists.

"Oh, spare him, dear sir! kind sir! spare my dear father!" cried the daughter, springing forward and dropping upon her knees before the cruel man of war and blood.

"You're a fool, wench!" returned the cruel officer; "and you may thank your stars if I don't burn the house over your head. I've half a mind to do it, anyhow."

The other children were now clinging to their unhappy father, and crying as if to break their hearts.

"At least, friend," said Mrs. Yarnall, "I trust thee will tell us of what Peter is accused! We have always tried to live at peace with all the world, for that is a part of our faith."

"Yes, and a —— pretty business you make of it, taking up arms against your lawful king!" replied the officer, stamping his foot with passion. "You're a set of lying knaves and hypocrites as well as rebels, and if you provoke me further, I'll tear you out root and branch!"

"Verily, friend, I am sorry if my words provoked thee, for I did not intend to cause thee anger by simply asking of what Peter is accused, that peradventure we might explain away the mistake which has led to his arrest."

"No mistake about it, woman, as *he* very well knows, if you don't."

"Verily, friend, I have at all times and on all occasions been a man of peace, and truly I cannot remember any act I have ever done to the harm of George of England," mildly put in the prisoner.

"Then your memory must be cursed short!" was the angry rejoinder. "What were you doing yesterday, standing guard, with a musket in your hand, over a few of his majesty's loyal subjects? you —— sniffling, canting, hypocritical, lying knave! Ha! you understand now, do you, you scoundrel?" pursued the officer, with a chuckle of triumph, as he observed that Yarnall suddenly turned pale, while his whole family looked at him in surprise. "You thought I didn't know, did you? But we British soldiers are the lynx-eyed hunters of treason, and we can even smell a rebel further than we can see him."

"Friend officer, I verily see now how thy mistake has occurred," said Yarnall, brightening up at the thought that a simple statement of facts would immediately set matters all right. "Thee must know that yesterday morning I crossed the Catawba to General Sumpter's camp, to see a man there with whom I had some special business of a strictly private nature. He had a paper which I wanted, and I asked him for it.

"'It is in my jacket pocket, which is in my tent, which is the fourth one you see yonder,' he answered.

"'Can thee not get it for me, James?' said I.

"'I am on guard here,' he replied, over some Tory prisoners, but if you will take my place a moment, I will go and fetch it.'

"'I am no soldier, friend James, no man of war,' I said.

"'I know that,' said he; 'but at least you can stand here and hold my musket till I come back.'

"I assented to this, took his musket, and stood there while he was absent, which I do not think was over two minutes by the clock, and then, as soon as I got my paper, I went away. Thus, friend, thee sees I am not guilty of any intent of wrong against any one, and now I trust, as a simple act of justice, thee will have me released."

"A —— pretty trumped-up story—but it won't go down!" rejoined the British officer. "If you can make Colonel Tarleton believe any such stuff as that, in the face of good honest evidence to the contrary, you're a luckier rascal than I take you for—for methinks I see a line of rope all round your cursed neck, where you'll be likely to feel it before many days. We caught Sumpter napping, and gave him the d—l; and the very prisoners you guarded, are now free to testify against you; and one word from such honest, loyal gentlemen, will outweigh all the lying cant that your foul tongue could sputter between this and doomsday! But come, men, we're losing time here. Out with the old villain, and let us mount and away!"

"Oh, do not, do not take him away from us!—in pity, in mercy, spare him to us—for verily has he told thee the truth!" pleaded mother and daughter.

With a wicked oath, and a low, coarse, vulgar epithet, the leader turned on his heel and strode from the house. His men closely followed with the unresisting man of peace, whom, in mere brutal spite, they took occasion to handle with the roughness of ruffians.

"Farewell, my beloved wife and children!" groaned poor Peter Yarnall.

"Farewell, beloved husband! we will try to come and see thee, and hope we may have thee back with us soon!" sobbed Mrs. Yarnall, sinking down upon a seat.

In another minute the cavalry was dashing away, bearing the inoffensive and innocent Quaker, like a common felon, to the overcrowded and loathsome prison at Camdem. A wail of anguish went up from that late happy home—for one of the kindest and most noblehearted of men had gone forth never to return. The night following was a night of mourning with all the household of poor Peter Yarnall.

Early the next morning Mrs. Yarnall and her devoted daughter rode into the town of Camden, to learn the fate of that loving husband and father, and, if living, to convey to him some of the comforts of life, well knowing how cruelly the British treated their prisoners, even when not condemned to die by the hangman. They went straight to the prison, where they found the provost marshal, of whom they made their anxious inquiries.

"Yes," replied the officer, gruffly, "we've got a rebel of that name, but I don't think we'll keep him long;" and he ended with a coarse laugh.

"Will thee be kind enough to let me see him and take him a few things for his comfort?" said the afflicted wife.

"Better take him a rope and tell him to hang himself and save the executioner the trouble," was the heartless rejoinder. "You women are such bothers—always begging and whining to see some rascal or other."

"Well, friend, perhaps thee has a wife, a mother, a sister, or a daughter, and if thee was a prisoner——"

"There, hold up—that'll do—I know what you're going to say—I'm practiced on daily, I might say hourly, by some such —— palaver. Yes, in with you, and make short work of it. Here, guard, show these wenches that reprobate called Peter Yarnall—that canting Quakar we caged yesterday—and give them just five minutes. Mind, now, and time them close."

Mrs. Yarnall and her daughter were then conducted into a small, close apartment, literally crammed almost to suffocation with pale, sickly, dirty, ragged, half-starved human beings, whose greatest crimes consisted in rebelling against the obnoxious laws of a tyrant and battling for liberty and the rights of man. In the midst of these poor fellows, in a stifling atmosphere whose stench was horrible, the loving wife beheld the dear partner of her bosom—the loving daughter the dear father of her being. It was the hottest weather of summer, and in that building—a small, common country jail—were crowded one hundred and sixty-three prisoners—some wounded, some sick, some dying. Oh, what pen or tongue can faintly shadow forth the awful sufferings of those forlorn and almost hopeless beings!

Mrs. Yarnall and her daughter burst into tears. They would have wept to behold the misery of so many strangers—how much more to see among them the dearest friend they had on earth!

"'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth!' said Mr. Yarnall, in a voice tremulous with emotions that made his whole manly frame quiver. 'Do not weep, my dear wife and child! but bear up with true courage against this heavy affliction, knowing I am innocent, which I trust the Lord will shortly make manifest to those who wrongfully detain me, and then move their hearts to that compassion which shall restore me to those I love."

"Oh, my poor husband!" groaned Mrs. Yarnall, throwing her arms around his neck, while the daughter seized his hand and sobbed aloud.

Then remembering how brief a time she would be allowed to remain, the devoted wife assumed a somewhat cheerful air, gave him the few delicacies she had brought, and spoke hopefully of his speedy release. It seemed but a moment she was with him, when the gruff voice of the guard called out:

"Come, woman, be off—time's up!"

With a hurried embrace Mrs. Yarnall tore herself away and hastened from the cell, fearing if she lingered a moment it might be used as an excuse against admitting her again.

The next morning she came again with her daughter, and succeeded in obtaining the same brief interview with her husband. So also the third morning. The fourth morning the provost marshall was away, and she applied to the officer in charge, a more coarse and brutal-looking fellow than his superior.

"Who, d'ye want to see, woman?" he gruffly demanded.

"Peter Yarnall, friend."

"Don't call me friend," he growled, "'cause I'm no friend to any —— rebel, male or female. So you want to see Peter Yarnall, do you?" he pursued, with a gleam of savage malice.

"If thee will be so kind."

"Well, yes, I think I will this once," replied the other, with a significant look; "and seeing it's you, I'll honor you by showing him to you myself."

"Verily I thank thee."

"This way then," said the fellow stepping outside the jail, and passing around the corner of the building, closely followed by the wondering wife and daughter. "There he is," he added, pointing upward; "there's your husband."

The poor wife looked up, and the very blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and every nerve and muscle became as iron. The poor daughter looked up, and, with a wild, piercing shriek, fell senseless to the earth.

For there, from a beam extending out through a window, hung the dead body of Peter Yarnall.

For perhaps a minute Mrs. Yarnall stood motionless as a statue, her eyes glaring with an expression of unutterable wo. Then she turned to the officer, and said quite calmly:

"Will thee cut the body down and let me have it for burial?"

Perhaps the brutal officer was touched with some little feeling of compassion, for he turned on his heel and gave the necessary orders to some of his men.

Half an hour later Mrs. Yarnall was driving home, with the dead body of her husband lying at her feet, and her inconsolable daughter weeping, moaning and wringing her hands beside her.

Until the dear form of him so wildly loved was consigned to the cold and silent grave, that afflicted woman never shed a tear—never uttered a moan. But when at last all was over, she wrung her hands, beat her breast, and cried, in piteous tones:

"Poor me! poor me! I have no husband now! I have no husband now!"

These were the last words of reason she ever spoke. The mind could not bear up under its weight of crushing grief, and she shortly after died a raving maniac—another victim to the cruel revenge of a merciless foe.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.----No. 97.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

The day has been too hot. The night is sultry. You are nervous and restless. No place so good as the bed, and to the chamber you repair, hoping soon to lose all remembrance of your cares and troubles in sleep. The light is extinguished, and you resign yourself to the pleasing sensations of approaching rest. When, lo, a thin, piercing sound salutes you! It needs no interpretation. It is a musquito come a serenading. Is there any trumpet that can make a nervous man quicker or more entirely? Every sense is attent. Now the sound comes near—now recedes—now it is lost. It soon comes again, and watching your opportunity, you give yourself a broad slap upon the face, hoping that the musquito shared it with you! For a moment he seems dead. You experience a minute satisfaction of petty revenge. But soon the inevitable sound comes again, but with a hither and thither motion. You are acutely attentive. This time, to make sure, your hand is disengaged, and lies outside of the coverlet, ready for a surprising blow. He alights. You feel his delicate touch upon your forehead. Quicker than winking, your hand follows him with such a slap as makes the room echo. But he is quicker than you are, and besides, sees in darkness much better. He is off like a sprite, and sings and pipes in a distant corner. By this time you are quite excited—you discourse: "The thief! (some men put naughty adjectives before the noun) if he would hold his peace and come and eat his fill, and be off, he should be welcome. But the intolerable piping is worse than a surgeon's lancet." Suppose, my friend, that you should get up, light the gas, hunt for him! You had better close the blinds, for, however suitable your condition may be, in itself considered, yet, if seen from a neighbor's window, a night-capped man in search of a musquito, at twelve at night, *en dishabille*, must subject himself to some ridicule. There, now, return to your work. You cannot find him? After all, perhaps that last slap did the business for him. It certainly did for *you*. See how red your much-abused face is! Why not let him take a little blood out of it? It would be improved.

The hero returns to his couch, and the tiny foe returns to the hero. Again the horn sounds, again he strikes out at him, and again misses. At length, tired out, the victim falls asleep. The little trumpeter draws near and sounds a challenge. He circuits all about, and sings every note in his serenade. At length he alights upon a chosen spot, and having satisfied his hunger, retires to some dark corner, overswollen, to collapse and die.

All this would not be worth telling but for its application. I see on every hand men engaged in beating themselves on account of fears, cares, frets, and petty annoyances.

The mother sits by her child slightly ill. She imagines all possible evils—she torments herself for hours and days at possible, but improbable results. It is a musquito game. The real evil is petty, and if quietly taken, would soon cease of itself. But she must punish herself by every ingenious imagination. Love has its musquitoes. How many sounds does Jealousy hear. How many dreads does anxious love breed. How many nameless fears, and how many "what ifs."

Much of the anxiety of business is mere musquito hunting. When I see a man pale and anxious, not for what has happened, but for what may happen, I say, "Strike your own face, do it again, and keep doing it, for there is nothing else to hit."

Everybody has his own musquitoes; that fly by night or bite by day. There are few men of nerves firm enough to calmly *let them* bite. Most men insist upon flaggelating themselves for the sake of not hitting their troubles.

HOW BULLETS ARE MANUFACTURED.

The Rapidity with which they are turned out—Ingenious Machinery for making them, &c., &c., &c.

Troy, Nov. 16, 1861.

Mr. Bonner—*Dear Sir:*—Your Des Moines correspondent, the secretary of the Mechanics' Association, would like to know "how bullets are made," it seems. Believing myself qualified to act as explainer, having been employed for some time past at one of Uncle Sam's principal arsenals, where such things are made in innumerable quantities, I therefore undertake the task.

In the first place, you must understand that government manufactures but *two* different kinds of bullets for the musket, i. e., the round ball and the conical or Minnié ball. The round ball is made in the following manner: The scrap or bar lead is melted in a long, deep iron vessel capable of holding six or seven hundred pounds. When brought to the melting point, it is dipped out by means of ladles and run into long round bars about twenty-eight inches long by three-eighths of an inch in diameter. This is done by means of *perpendicular iron moulds.* A few moments suffices to cool the metal, when the bars are taken out and the sprue cut off. So far the work has been done by *three men*—two moulding the bars, and one trimming off the sprue. The bars are then passed to the "*gauge rollers*," where *one* man takes them and inserts the end of each bar between *two large iron grooved rollers*, which revolve and carry them through, straightening and rounding them all to an exact size. This is done as rapidly as they can be moulded by the two or *three* men. They are then passed to the "machine," where they are "formed." This machine is very simple indeed, and consists of nothing more than a straight steel plunger, moving perpendicularly by means of a short *connecting rod, crank* and *pulley* driven by a belt from line or counter shafting. The end of this plunger is hollowed out to exactly *half* the size of a round ball. This plunger in descending meets *very nearly* another steel bar firmly fastened to a bed plate (which is bolted to a solid oak bench), and consequently remains perfectly stationary. The under bar is likewise hollowed out on its end to correspond to the upper, and when the upper descends, by placing the bar of lead upon the lower, it forms or squeezes the lead into the upper and lower cavities, and forms a *ball.* When the plunger ascends, by moving the bar along another bullet is formed as close to the first as possible, and so on to the end of the bar of lead; but as yet all are connected together by a thin *film* of lead, consequent upon the steel bars not coming *quite* together. This machine is tended by one boy or man, and having a *feeder* attached which carries the bar of lead through, does not require much attention.

The bars thus formed are then passed to the "trimmer," which is exactly like the "machine," except that the steel plunger and its counterpart beneath are so made as nicely to separate the balls, which come out perfect and round. The steel plunger in this "trimmer" meets the under die exactly. There is no *power feed* in the "trimmer," and hence much practice is requisite to enable the operator (who is generally a boy) to move the stamped bars through in perfect time with the descent of the plunger. Thus is completed the round or common musket ball, and it is ready to be wrapped in the cartridge. The manufacture of these balls is quite rapid. With two men moulding, one cutting off sprue, one gauging, one stamping and one trimming, (six in all,) with an attendant to tend fire and carry away the balls, about *thirty-five thousand* can be made in a day.

The manufacture of the conical ball is quite a different affair, except the "moulding" and "gauging," which are the same, the bars being afterwards more perfectly straightened. After being moulded, gauged and straightened, as in the case of the round ball, they are taken to the "bullet machine," and this, let me tell my Des Moines friend, is something worth seeing—finished in the most elaborate and polished style, it is indeed a wonder of beauty and perfection. A description of this machine is difficult to write, without consuming much time, and more space than friend Bonner would permit, but I will endeavor to give you some *idea* of it, in as few words as possible. The *bed* of this machine is about three and a half by two and a half feet, raised on four legs about two and a half feet from the floor. This bed is of cast iron, and very heavy. About the middle of this, on each side, rises a pillar post two feet in hight, also very heavy. Upon the top of this, running in brass boxes, is a *three inch* shaft, in the centre of which a heavy eccentric is keyed on, to which is fastened a plunger with a *knuckle joint* sliding through a centre traverse beam. On the end of this plunger is fastened a steel punch, the plunger working perpendicularly toward the floor. Beneath the punch, and fastened in heavy slides which work backward and forward, opening and shutting, or, rather, coming together and receding, are the dies. These dies are each formed like one-half of a conical ball, and are moved together by means of *two* eccentrics with slides. These eccentrics are fastened to a *three inch* shaft, revolving in bearing on a *level with the bed.* A third eccentric revolves on this shaft about the middle, and moves the "*cut off.*" The lead bar is inserted into a brass perpendicular feed pipe, which guides it in its descent to the bed of the machine. Each shaft is driven with gear wheels, which mash together on a centre driving wheel, driven by a heavy belt direct from the line shafting, with a shifting rod descending to the attendant, who sits on a low stool at the rear of the machine. The bar of lead is inserted in the feed pipe, the end resting on the steel "cut off," and the machine started. The "cut off" coming around clips off a short piece about an inch in length, and carries it forward directly over the dies which are now coming together. At this moment the plunger from above descends and the "cut off" dropping the piece into the dies and immediately retreating, the plunger descends, driving the piece before it, the dies instantly closing, the plunger still going forward, or downward, rather, causes the lead to fill every part of the now closed dies, and at the same time the point of the plunger forms the cavity in the end of the ball. But an instant of time is given it to do this, when by a turn of the eccentrics the dies are relieved and immediately thrown open by two steel wire springs; and the ball now formed and perfect in all its parts and shape, drops by its own weight into a box below, and the machine returns to its former position, ready for another piece—the bar dropping down as each piece is cut off by its own weight, and followed by another as soon as the preceding has been used up. This machine is very perfect, and besides the moulders requires but one man to run it. If in good order it will make *forty to fifty thousand* conical balls per day (ten hours) with ease. The balls, after leaving this machine, are not quite finished, but receive their concluding touches from a squad of little boys, who, with small, sharp knives, remove by a dexterous motion the fine *burr* which is formed at the *butt* end and on the side of the ball, the *crease* caused by the dies being in halves, no amount of ingenuity being able to produce a *fit* so close as to prevent it. The balls are then taken by still another squad, who gauge them—which is done by dropping them one by one very quickly through or into a steel gauge, and by means of a handle and plunger, forcing it through to a box beneath, and the *ball is finished.* The depth of the cavity is about three-eighths of an inch, and is for the purpose of allowing the butt end to swell and fill the barrel of the musket in discharging.

The proportion of Minnié or conical to the round balls manufactured, is about *three* of the former to *one* of the latter. Government manufactures *all* of its own conical balls. The round balls are sometimes let out to contractors to make. There are four of the Minnié ball machines now in operation, three of which to my certain knowledge are running *twenty hours* each day, and one round ball machine is doing the same. The secretary can now calculate how many balls are made per day, and also how much lead is used—each round ball weighing *one* ounce, and each Minnié *one* and *a quarter ounces.* I would respectfully inform the secretary that there is another branch of ammunition far more interesting and instructive than this. I refer to *solid shot, grape, canister, spherical case shot, and bombs.* There are but few outside of government works who know much in regard to munitions of war, and especially of the above mentioned "*fixed ammunition.*" Yours truly, Trojan.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Albany, Nov. 8th, 1861.

Editor of the New York Ledger—*Dear Sir:*—Will you have the kindness to answer the following question: A bets B that Horace Greeley does not write over three-fourths of the Editorials in the New York Tribune. Who wins?

Yours, &c., W. S. L.

On receipt of the above communication from Albany we addressed the following note to Mr. Greeley:

Ledger Office, 40 Park Row,
New York, Nov. 9, 1861.

Mr. Greeley—*My Dear Sir:*—Here is a question which I received from Albany to-day. We have frequently to hunt over the Encyclopædias for information for our correspondents; but on this point these useful works are silent; and, therefore, I take the liberty of applying to the party who ought to know best. What shall I say to "W. S. L.?" If you can spare the time to write me a few lines on the subject, it would afford me great pleasure to print them.

Very truly yours, Robert Bonner.

In compliance with our request Mr. Greeley returned the following answer to our correspondent's query. It is, of course, correct, like all the answers to correspondents given in the Ledger. As the initial signature indicates, it is from the pen of the Honorable Horace Greeley himself:

"Mr. Greeley *does not* write *half* the Editorials that appear in the Tribune. He usually writes what is termed "the leading article, and two or three short paragraphs. "Sometimes he writes *two* of the longer Editorials, but not "so many as half the days in the week. On Monday "mornings especially, two of the longer Editorials are "generally from his pen. H. G."

A. C. (Hartford).—We do not think that the possession of any other qualities can make up for the want of truthfulness in a clergyman. Your second question we will answer by asking you another: Can a sincere Christian seek to build up his own church by pulling down another?

School Girl.—What is meant by martial law? asks our young correspondent. When a place is put under martial law, all the people inhabitating it are subjected to the same laws and regulations as soldiers. The place is regarded as a camp, and the people are governed absolutely by the general-in-command, all laws being suspended that interfere with his orders. Thus, when Gen. Jackson declared martial law in New Orleans in 1814, he compelled every able-bodied man between the ages of 16 and 65 to enrol himself and help defend the city—excepting only the subjects of Great Britain. He ordered every person arriving in the city to report himself at the office of the adjutant-general. No one could leave the city without a permit. No vessels could leave without a passport. The street lamps were to be extinguished at nine in the evening, and no person could leave his house after that hour without a permit. In short, the City of New Orleans was Gen. Jackson's camp, and all its people his soldiers. If your family had been there, young lady, your father and brothers would have been on duty in the lines, and your mother, your sisters and yourself would have been sewing upon soldiers' clothes every day as long as you could sit or see.

Unknown.—The cheapest way of getting across the Atlantic is to work your passage. In that case you live and eat with the sailors, and do the roughest and most disagreeable part of the work. Few captains, however, can now be induced to take a passenger on those terms, as it has been found that a land-lubber is seldom of much use at sea. Next to working your passage, the cheapest way is to take a berth in the steerage of a sailing vessel and find your own provisions. You can manage it in this mode for about twenty-five dollars. We do not advise either of these methods, but recommend rather a cheap berth in a screw steamer, which will cost you from thirty to fifty dollars. You will not have long to wait for a ship. Half a dozen vessels or more leave this port every day for Europe.

Deacon.—We never attempted to make the count ourselves, but we have seen it stated that the churches in the city of New York are divided among the denominations as follows: Baptist, 32; Congregational, 5; Dutch Reformed, 21; Friends, 4; Jewish synagogues, 17; Lutheran, 7; Methodist Episcopal, 32; African Methodist, 5; Methodist Protestant, 1; New Jerusalem, 1; Presbyterian, 43; United Presbyterian, 4; Associated Reformed Presbyterian, 2; Reformed Presbyterian, 5; Protestant Episcopal, 50; Roman Catholic, 29; Second Advent, 1; Unitarian, 3; Universalist, 4; Wesleyan Methodist, 4; Miscellaneous and nondescript, 19; total, 289. This list, we believe, includes all our churches except those opened within a few months.

Margaret S.—It is impossible to say whether De Foe's story of Robinson Cruso was founded on fact, or entirely the product of his imagination and consummate art. The story of Alexander Selkirk is not received as being *positively true* by *all* the authorities; and when a question like this is once raised, it seems impossible ever to settle it to the satisfaction of all earnest inquirers. One thing is probably certain, and that is, that De Foe needed no basis of fact, as he was abundantly competent to invent and work out such a story as Robinson Cruso, unaided by anything save his ingenuity and imagination. When you say that you have seen at Largo, in Fifeshire, Scotland, the house in which Alexander Selkirk was born, and the chest and other things which he brought back with him from his lonely sojourn on the island of Juan Fernandez, we of course accept your statement, but it does not follow that De Foe based his story on the adventures of that unfortunate sailor, or that he ever even so much as heard of him. It is stated by some of the disputants on this question, that Selkirk wrote a rough manuscript account of his adventures, that this manuscript fell into De Foe's hands, and was used by him in his Cruso business. On the other hand, it is declared (and the declaration is supported by the alleged testimony of his personal acquaintances) that Selkirk *could not write.* So you see how involved the matter is. It is one of those questions which cannot be authoritatively determined, and must be left in the same category with the authorship of Junius, of the Niebulungen, of Ossian, &c.

A Lady in a Quandary wants to know if we "think it advisable for a woman to marry a man much older than herself; say, for example, a woman of twenty-five years—would it, as a general thing, be better for her to marry a man about her own age, or one from forty to fifty years old?" That is rather a difficult question to answer. Some young men, not over twenty-five years old, have sufficient ripeness of nature, culture of mind, mellowness of heart and charitableness of disposition to make most wise and exemplary husbands, but it must be confessed that the majority of men under thirty have not been sufficiently schooled by time and experience to fit them for model husbands and fathers. Besides, a woman of twenty-five is much more mature than a man of that age. As a general thing, a man of sixty carries his years as lightly as does a woman of forty or forty-five, and many an old beau of fifty does good execution even among young girls. Some women *cannot respect*, or, in common parlance, "look up to" a man who is not considerably their elder, and such should, of course, choose husbands accordingly, as a woman who marries a man whom she cannot respect is pretty certain to lead an unhappy life. In short, every woman should seek to secure a husband possessing the most of those attributes and characteristics which she prizes the most highly, and which she believes are most necessary to her happiness.

A Puzzled Lover says that he has fallen in love with a most prepossessing and fascinating young lady, of great accomplishments and large fortune, to whom he should unhesitatingly offer himself had not some of his friends told him that she has a cork leg. This makes him pause. The question is, "How shall I find out, as I dare not make inquiries of her or of any of her relations?" Your "friends" are probably amusing themselves at your expense, and they may, if you are not careful, make you the laughing-stock of all your acquaintances. However, if the harrowing suspicion you mention has taken possession of your mind, tread accidentally on the toes of the suspected foot; if they be flesh and blood, their owner will instantly let you know it, whereas, if they be cork, she will not be apt to make any demonstration.

St. Louis.—The population of the city of Melbourne, in Australia, is about 110,000, including the suburbs. As the city was founded in 1835, its growth surpasses even that of our own most thriving cities. It was the gold discoveries of 1854 that gave it such a remarkable impulse. We believe there was a serious reaction in the progress of the place when the gold fever subsided, but, so far as we know, it is now a prosperous city. What special inducements it offers to dentists we cannot say. We presume, however, that people have the toothache there as well as here, and that a skillful practitioner can gradually get into a lucrative practice; but we give no advice on the subject.

Kellerman.—When a nation that has been long at peace, and for years has ignored the art of war, becomes suddenly stirred to its depths by a great and imminent danger, the agitation of course stirs up all the sediment which has been deposited during the years of quiet, and for a time everything is foul and unsettled; but the nation at last *runs itself clear*, the fountains of government are purified, the right men get into the right places, and all matters, great and small, go on harmoniously and triumphantly. Patience and forbearance are most useful virtues; and no man should grumble at others who cannot point to some acts of his own which are deserving of praise.

C. S. T.—A dutiful daughter is more apt to make a good wife than an undutiful one. The fact that your sweetheart is so scrupulously obedient to her mother should not lessen your regard for her; it should increase it, rather, even though her dutifulness sometimes clashes with your desires, and occasions you annoyance. The fact that she always obeys her mother, whenever her commands and your requests come in opposition, is no sign that she does not love you; it simply shows that she is a most conscientious and dutiful daughter, and in these days of filial disobedience such a girl is a rare prize for any man.

Sergeant.—The reason why regiments are paid off every two months, instead of every month, is said to be this: The law requires that they shall be paid, at least, *as often as* every two months, unless circumstances render it impossible. This law was interpreted to mean, that they need not be paid *oftener than* every two months. Accordingly, the custom has prevailed for more than fifty years of paying off soldiers only once in two months. Some lazy paymaster probable originated the custom.

F. R.—The pay of the pursers in the United States Navy ranges from $1500 to $3500 a year, according to the size of the ship to which they are attached. The purser of a line-of-battle ship has to keep the accounts of eight hundred or a thousand men, and to supervise the expenditure of a million dollars a year. Hence the great difference in the salaries of pursers. Master's pay while on sea duty is $1100 a year.

Potomac.—You of course did wrong in reading the unsealed note entrusted to you for delivery, notwithstanding the facts that you told the writer you would read it if she did not seal it, and that she "made no objection." It is probable that she supposed you to be in jest, not thinking it possible that one whom she believed to be a gentleman would take such a liberty.

Kingdom.—A young lady who affects to be "fast," deals in semi-slang, dresses "loud," and cultivates the "stunning" style generally, would not be apt to make a good wife. Nothing wears so well in woman, or so much endears her to man, as modesty and goodness of heart; and there are few things more disgusting to a man of good sense and refinement than a vulgar woman.

Critic.—You seem to have as much, if not more, peevishness, and to be as deeply imbued with the spirit of faultfinding, as the person whom you criticise. It is generally the case, that those who are most ready to charge others with ill-nature are themselves not models of amiability.

H. B. G.—You ask if a gentleman about to be married should present to his betrothed a wedding ring, as well as an engagement ring. That depends upon the question whether the engagement ring was a plain gold ring, or the contrary. Plain rings *only* are used for wedding rings.

Grace.—A soldier whose name or residence you do not know, although you have received two love-letters from him, should be unnoticed by a lady who has any self-respect. All such fellows should be set down as rascals.

Zacheus.—We do not know anybody who would furnish you with "a model for a love-letter." A man who cannot write his own love-letters should not attempt to deal in that delicate article.

Third St.—If you wish an introduction to any strange lady, the proper way is to go directly to some gentleman relative of hers, and producing proper credentials with regard to yourself, ask respectfully to be introduced to her.

Brothers.—If your quarrels give your parents so much pain, why do you not cease to quarrel? You must be not only very unbrotherly brothers, but also most undutiful sons.

Sensitive.—You are a wretched dyspeptic, and ask our advice as to working on a farm, with the hope of improving your health and spirits. We do not think you could do a better thing. At least you can try it.

Jerome.—We know of no way to remove ink-stains from *colored* clothes, without also removing the color of the fabric. Salt and lemon-juice will extract ink from any white raiment.

E. F. W.—A child that is born on a vessel on a passage from one country to another. follows the nationality of the father, and so it does if born in a foreign country while its parents are on a temporary visit thereto.

An Interested Mother.—There cannot be the slightest doubt that the reading of the Bible in the family circle, and the regular custom of family prayer, have an excellent effect on children, if they be done in the right spirit.

Oregon City.—Address E. M. Archibald, British Consul, 17 Broadway, New York.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*